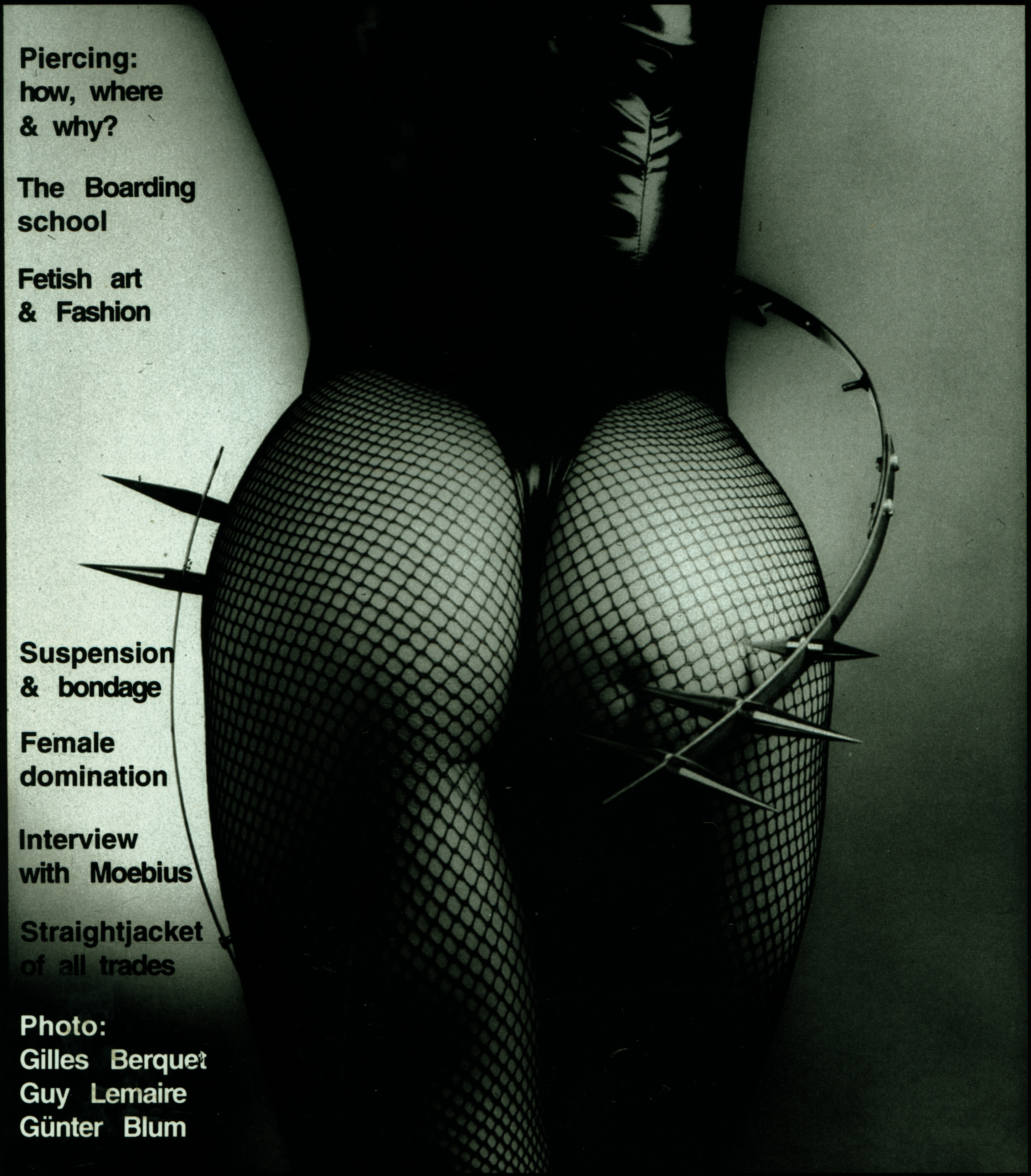
SECRET

MAGAZINE

Issue N°5



Piercing: how, where & why?

The Boarding school

Fetish art & Fashion

Suspension & bondage

Female domination

Interview with Moebius

Straightjacket of all trades

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Quarterly issue 5 - December 1993 - Price 15US$ - £10 - 500BF - 25DM

SKIN TWO
MAGAZINE

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- Boys who want to be girls
- Pierre Molinier
- Anne McClintock on commercial SM & gender power
- Pat Califia on Shamanism
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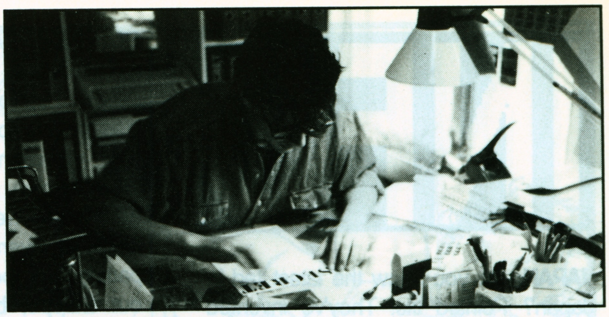
Editorial



Of course, the start of 1994 leads us to wish you an excellent year packed with sublime moments. But even more than that, it gives us the opportunity to reflect on the current situation of fetishism and SM. 1993 officially signifies the opening of Europe's borders, but we are also experiencing an upsurge in nationalism. As with everything else, the general reaction to SM (media coverage, laws, broad-mindeness...) is evolving at very different speeds from one country to the other. Our neighbours to the north, the Dutch, permit nearly anything. Our neighbours to the south, the French, ban almost everything. The other countries are somewhere between these two extremes: England hypocritical (see our interview with Terry Wakelin in this issue), Germany active (see Secret no 3), Belgium wary, and so on.

Fetishism and SM are experiencing a real boom. People began noticing them a year or two ago, on account of their aestheticism. Photographers, couturiers, advertising and video clips were inspired by fetishist imagery. Then real-life experiences emerged from the shadows. Latex and SM parties as well as specialist magazines and shops have flourished across the length and breadth of Europe (principally in Belgium, England, Germany and Holland) to such an extent that, at present, you don't know which way to turn. These days our special interests are invading everything: cinema (not a week goes by without a film touching on SM to a greater or lesser degree, like "Lunes de fiel" and "Whispers in the dark"), books of confessions, music (Madonna, Nine Inch Nails), current affairs (press, TV, debates). It's all happening. So, is it a fashion or an increase in permissiveness - or simply society evolving?

The 60s saw a reappraisal of sexual role-models and brought a "new love disorder". It was a question of recognizing the creative potential of sexuality and of freeing it from the stereotypes of the day. Feminism was born and the bases were created for accepting male and female homosexuality or the notion of bisexuality at the heart of the traditional couple, which (even though it posed the threat of losing one's own identity) opened up people's minds by accepting the different psychic aspects of the opposite sex. Psychoanalysis shaped and shielded all these discoveries. Instead of being developed, they were considered attainments - and might now seem to set new limits.

To quote Christian David, a Parisian psychoanalyst ("L'Autre Journal" July-August 92): "Since the beginning of the 80s, and especially among the young, it seems that what rightly belongs to sentiment, to imagination, is increasingly passing into the realms of action and of immediate sensation. So the role of constitutive violence in the sexual act is growing - which (through the game of agony) can also cause impotence and frigidity. Furthermore, the store put on the act is the stronger, the more the spirit of the times increasingly licenses what is tangible and visible rather than intimate and secret feelings (...) The de-eroticization of loving relationships over the past decade or so has given freer access to what the sadistic aspect of the sex drive. What was traditionally the domain of tenderness has been replaced by narcissistic, sadistic and cannibalistic drives." The frantic growth of individualism has increased the rivalry between partners to the point where it could interfere with sexual pleasure.

There are, in the 90s, two main reactions to the legacy of the 80s: Firstly, a return to the reassuring values of cacooning. Make no mistake: beneath its modern, very "with it" guise, this marketing term conceals a retreat from an authentic intimist drive and is giving birth to the silent majority of tomorrow. Secondly, pushing on with the gains of recent years. Setting out to get to know yourself and your inner experiences as well as your fantasies and differences, you end up - by getting to the bottom of things - by being liberated because you totally accept yourself. Even - and above all - if this liberation blossoms within a sub/dom, SM or fetishist relationship. Various statistics and studies, some by universities and thus reliable, constantly prove that it is not a question of a minority. "New Look" (November 92) wrote that 64% of the French practise (or are ready to practise) sadism and that 31% accept (or would accept) "torture". And what is Secret's role in all this? We address ourselves to this second section of the public - to a responsible, motivated readership. Our contents (based on fantasies and reality rather than on vulgarity and sleazy sex) as well as our targetted distribution (subscriptions and specialist retail outlets) do not recommend our magazine to a large public - but they do make it the memory, the witness and the adviser of OUR readers. The most important thing for Secret Magazine is to EXIST! This is the only thing which we have never doubted... The fact that we were quoted as the source of reference for an excellent article in the Belgian monthly "L'Instant" confirms that.

The way in which Secret Magazine chose to expand - still the best indication of our frame of mind - has been the occasion for a number of discussions among the editorial team. Were we going to sell Secret in bookshops and newsagents and find ourselves amidst the "beaver" magazines? Were we going to advertise and so put the integrity of our approach at risk? Were we going to sell our soul to a powerful financial group which would have given us big cigars whilst giving us the sack from our own magazine? To put the questions is to formulate the replies! We finally opted to publish an English edition. As this version is largely a translation of the existing magazine, everybody gets something out of it. So without great effort we are responding to a world demand whilst maintaining our current approach. And so it is with great pleasure that we wish a long life to Secret Magazine and to you, our readers, who are helping us to believe in the future.

May the fantasy be with you!

Vincent Mikrou

INFO

JAPAN: Do you know the latest fad in Japan? Pointed tits! They've invented something which a girl can stick on to conceal her nipples when she isn't wearing a bra. After pastilles for disinfecting telephones and toilets with rotating, cleansing jets of warm water, here's the tit-tidy/boob-bag...Crazy, isn't it?

ENGLAND: DELECTUS BOOKS, specialists in erotic, SM and spanking literature, have just printed T-shirts with a fetishist theme. XL only. Price £10 from Delectus Books, 27 Old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX, England. Tel: (in UK) 071-963 09 79 or from overseas: int'l-44-71-963 09 79.

BELGIUM and NETHERLANDS: We often get inquiries for addresses and telephone numbers of professional dominatrices. Here are a few: Studio DEBBY, Lange Hilleweg 186b, Rotterdam, Netherlands, Tel: (in NL) 010-484 43 86 or from outside the country: int'l-31-10-484 43 86; Mistress XADIA, Ginnekenweg 70, Breda, Netherlands, Tel: (in NL) 087-22 90 28 or int'l-31-87-22 90 28; Mistress CANDY, Karel Oomsstraat 12, 2018 Antwerp, Belgium, Tel: (in B) 03-237 62 83 or int'l-32-3-237 62 83.

BIZARRE BAZAAR: an absolutely extraordinary event! Since 1971 Eccentric Fashions has regularly organized events for aficionados of extravagant eroticism. In the beginning they were fashion parades, today they are adventure weekends with a whole range of diverse activities. Today such parties are being organized throughout Europe, but only some of them come up to the standard of an **ECCENTRIC FASHION** event. With us the guests stay in the hotel where the spectacle is being staged! The rubber and leather fashion parade was on Friday evening. An intimate, family atmosphere which permitted conversation with guests. On Saturday morning you could try on the models which had been on display. At the same time there was a flea market organized by and for the guests. In the evening **BIZARRE BAZAAR** had a number of stalls providing refreshments. But first you had to go to the Eccentric Fashion Bank to change money because only Eccentric Fashion Currency Units (EFCUs) were accepted at the various stalls. The food and drink was served by appropriately dressed wine waiters and chefs. Gambling tables were waiting for you to try your luck or even to get lucky. Eccentric Fashion's sheriff could be enlisted to look for and arrest a specific guest and put him/her in prison for a few minutes. It seems that some imprisoned guests tried to bribe the sheriff to let them go again! Five lady make-up artists were present to beautify the guests as desired. Everybody really enjoyed the party. Eccentric Fashion has decided to invite you to an even more spectacular event. If you are interested, make a note of the following date: 8-10 October 1993. For more information, write to: Eccentric Fashion, P O Box 1, 4857 Riken, Switzerland.

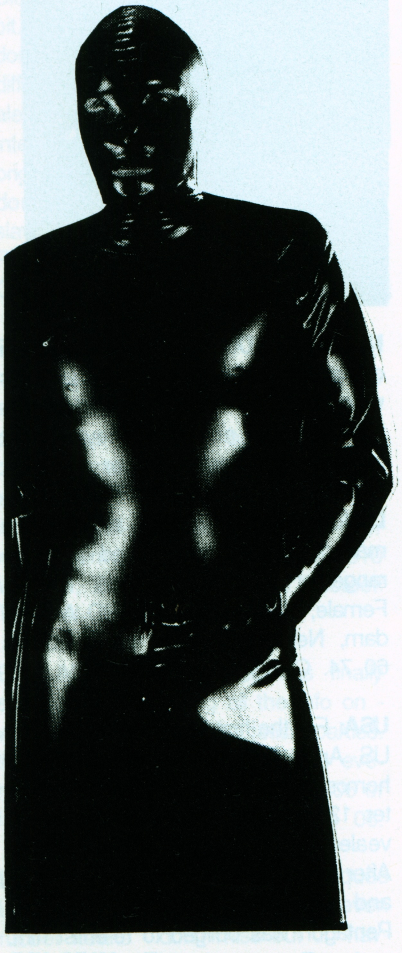
FRANCE: Our French friends from the "Latex Seduction Club" meet regularly for all sorts of fetish and rubber activities. Latex Seduction Club, P O Box 651, 44018 Nantes Cedex, France.

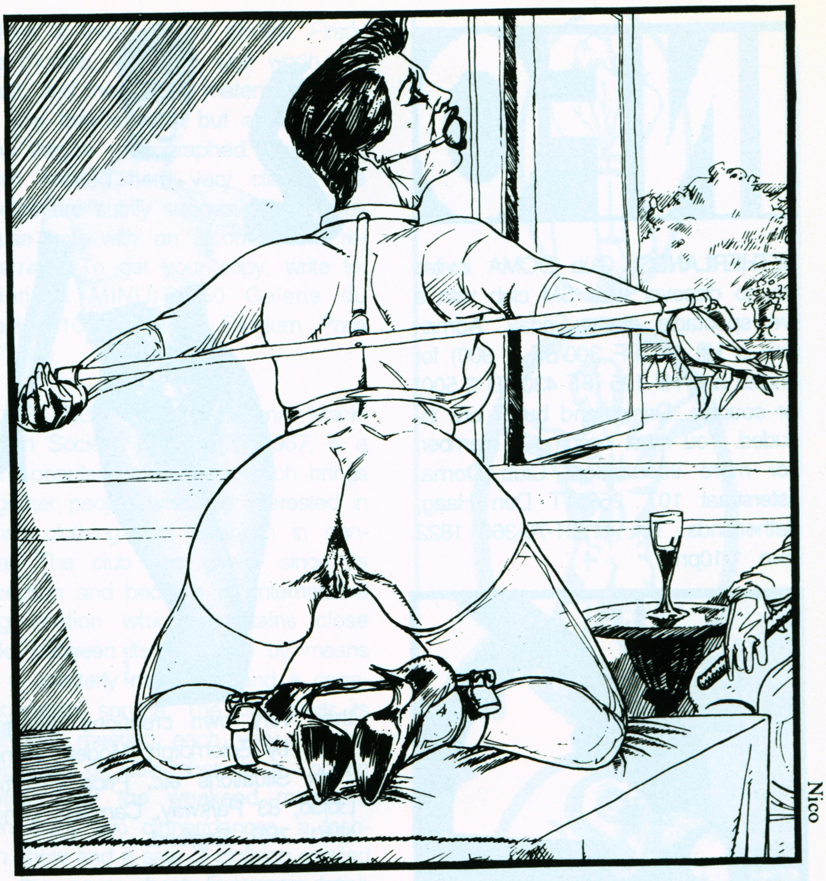
ENGLAND: Our friends who are nappy/diaper fetishists (ie those who like dressing up as big babies and being mothered) will be delighted to hear that there is now a new club in England catering exclusively to them. Hush-A-Bye Baby Club, c/o Hazel Jones, 7 Laxton Way, Faversham, Kent ME13 8JL, England.

INFO

FETISHIST CALENDAR: Following numerous remarks, we have decided to discontinue the calendar. But we will continue to give you a list of organizers of fetish parties. Then it's up to you to make your own inquiries direct or to pick up the leaflets in fetishist boutiques.

ITALY: The posthumous publication, 17 years after his death, of the latest book by the Italian director and writer **Piero Paolo PASOLINI** has provoked a tremendous scandal in Italy. Apparently, this 500-page book is an "ero-porno-sado" bomb. Publishing it has caused such an uproar that some critics have even asked themselves if it mightn't be better to burn it! Pasolini would certainly have appreciated the suggestion for an auto-da-fé!





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BELGIUM: The famous **Boutique MINUIT**, always at the forefront of the latest trends, has just launched its own rubber collection. A one-piece outfit with built-in mask, gloves and feet as well as a zip from top to bottom costs just BF 9000/FF 1500. A catalogue of the full range will be available soon, from: Boutique MINUIT, Galerie du Centre 60, 1000 Bruxelles, Belgium. Tel: Intél-32-2-223 09 14 (open from 1030 am to 630 pm).

LATEX BALL: The first issue of Secret featured an article some of you are sure to remember, about the latex ball. The ball is a metre (three feet) in diameter. You are completely cut off from the outside world. A small tube and a mask facilitate breathing, totally enclosed in your own little latex world.

ENGLAND: "Spannerpeople" is an organisation protecting the rights of SM people in England. Following a infamous trial which put five gays behind bars for having taken part (as consenting adults) in SM sessions, the organisation has launched a campaign to change the law in England. The organisation has a super badge and meets to protest against English law. If you would like to know more about them, write to: **Spannerpeople,** Countdown on Spanner, 69 Cowxcross Street, London EC1M 6BP, England (the badge costs 50p/BF 25).

BELGIUM: JAYBIRD, the friendly publisher, published the illustrator NICO. The book is available directly at his place or at other specialized stores. Visit his shop - **Jaybird has lots of SM books and videos.** Jaybird, Rue Scailquin 60, 1030 Brussels, Belgium. Tel: int'l-32-2-19 80 07. Oh yes, the price is 600BF (about £120)

ENGLAND: Pauline CLARKE, editor of the "Piercing World Magazine" in England, has just brought out an amazing book on body piercing: **THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE.** Available from the following address: PAUK, 153 Tomkinson Road, Nuneaton, Warks CV10 8DP, England. Price: £19 incl p & p.

WHIP: The crack of the whip is not unknown to you. Before crashing down, the whip cracks. This specific noise has a very precise meaning. But did you know that this noise from the whip is a "mini sonic boom"? The fine leather thong can reach a speed of more than 1 000 km/h (600 mph) and break the sound barrier!

BELGIUM: A new "PHANTASMS" game caught our eye. Each player keeps his/her own logbook. A lethora of "task" cards reveals some very erotic feelings. On sale at good toy shops.

INFO

NETHERLANDS: Club DOMA invites you to discover their SM club with a live spectacle every Friday. Admission is Hfl 90 (FF 300/BF 1 800) for singles and Hfl 125 (FF 430/FB 2 500) for couples. Drinks and buffet are included. You must become a member. For more information: Club Doma, Asterstraat 107, 2565TT Den Haag, Netherlands. Tel: int'l-31-70-360 1822 from 1-10pm.

VIDEO: The latest production by Shiny Films is called HOOKED ON RUBBER. It's a little gem. Gas masks, latex and domination are on the programme, which is by **JO HAMMER**, an expert in the field of latex. Definitely recommended. On sale at Boutique MINUIT.

ENGLAND: LIBIDO, the new boutique, has just brought out its first catalogue on video. In it Debbie and Tina, two stars of the fetish scene, are offering their very own creations alongside those by Ectomorph, Modern Armour, Tight Situations etc. Price £15 from Libido, 83 Parkway, Camden, London NW1 7PP, England.

Gamma

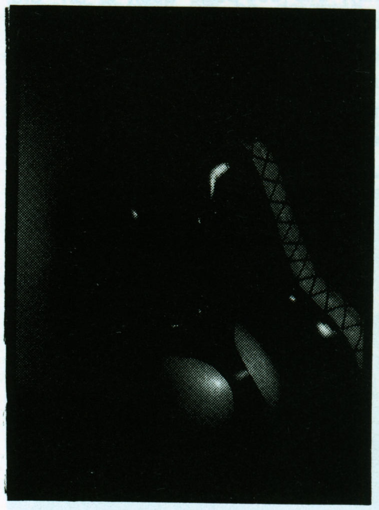
CHASTITY BELTS: We know all about the chastity belt - no key, no sex! An American company has just started to specialize in manufacturing a stainless steel belt for the genitals but which makes the tits untouchable at the same time! Info: La Ceinture de Chasteté, 25302 Columbia Bay Drive, Lake Villa, IL 60046, USA.

FRANCE: At present France is setting about becoming fetishist, little by little. Several boutiques have now opened. **PLANET ALICE** is one of them. They sell Ectomorph, Pagan Metal etc. Planet Alice, Rue Theodore Raoult, 38000 Grenoble, France. Tel: int'l-33-76 42 70 32.

ENGLAND: At the last "Rubber Ball" organized by Skin Two for Crusaid (an anti-AIDS organization) I was able to talk with the greatest fetish stars and pioneers. It was a great honour to meet Bob Carlos Clarke, Grace Lau, Tony Mitchell, Shinji Yamasaki etc. Also present, Mick Jagger and the pop group Right Said Fred, not so fetishist (?) but still great. More than 2 000 people came together for this, the greatest party ever organized.

FRANCE: The Scarabée d'Or has just brought out its new 1994 catalogue with more than 40 pages. In it you will find books, videos, magazines and adult comics on fetish and SM topics. Ask them to send it to you: Le Scarabée d'Or, Rue Monsieur le Prince, 75006 Paris, France (enclose 2 IRCs for p & p).

FRANCE: We try to maintain certain standards when telling you about what's going on in the world of SM - others don't. Here are two addresses where you can find "sex" articles and "hard" SM videos: Cargo Boutique, 18 rue de Comines, 75003 Paris - where you can find photo-novels like "Les Femmes Soumises de Kurt" (Kurt's Submissive Women) and videos such as "Maîtresses Soumises" (Submissive Mistresses) and "Punition et Domination" (Punishment and Domination). The other address is: Mini-Mini 15, Cité Joly, 75006 Paris, France where they sell latex, dildos, "X-rated" and "dirty" videos.



NETHERLANDS: Mail & Female is a company run by women and lesbians which sells everything that 21st century woman needs... They've just launched a range of leather and latex clothing called **LOVE FROM HOLLAND**. Whether in their shop or by mail order, you are offered a whole range of erotic accessoires. Mail & Female, Mastel 47, 10211 RD Amsterdam, Netherlands. Tel: int'l-31-20-693 60 74. Catalogue for Hfl 12.50

USA: For the first time in its history the US Army has agreed to reinstate a homosexual who was discharged after 12 years of service when he revealed that he was a homosexual. After he had contested his discharge, and after due process of law, the Pentagon was obliged to re-enlist him.

INFO

ENGLAND: An ballad out in the country, a sulky pulled by a pony-girl, doesn't that do anything for you? Contact: James of London, P O Box 8, Romford RM3 8EY, England.

FRANCE: Do you know Le Cercle d'Omphale (Omphale's Circle)? It's a very, very closed society, created around a core of dominatrices. The Circle has just decided to open up a bit. How? Reserved exclusively for dominatrices, this service is completely different from all the "others". Omphale is primarily concerned with new international contacts, elaborating on original rituals and meetings between dominatrices, with or without their slaves. For full information, write to: F.A., P O Box 260, 33012 Bordeaux Cedex, France.

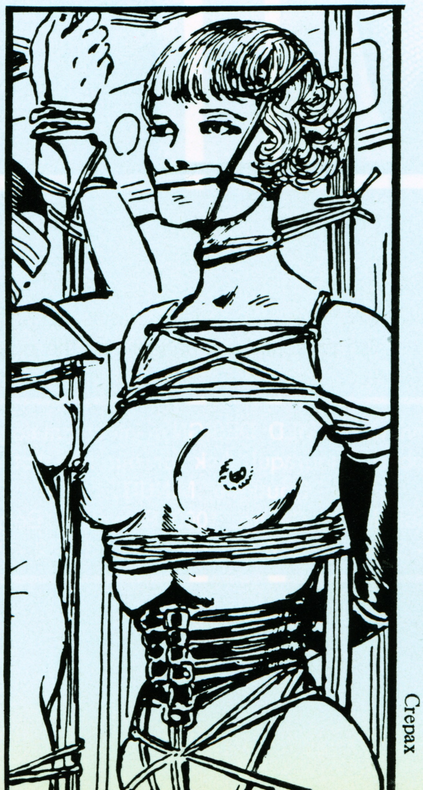
BELGIUM: After a lot of hesitation, we have agreed to inform you about the existence of a private circle. STRICTLY private, as you won't be able to become a member unless you are proposed by a member. Regular meetings in well-equipped premises. For more information: P O Box 138, 2610 Wilrijk 1, Belgium. Please be discreet! Thanks!

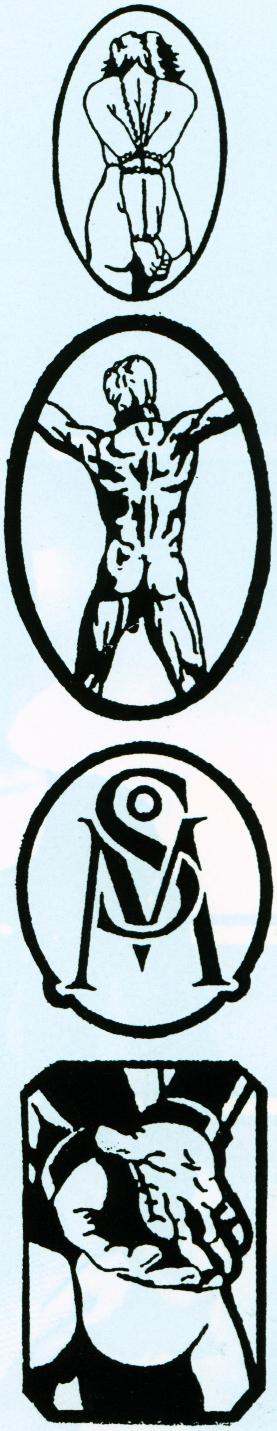
ENGLAND: Some genius has finally succeeded in collating all the info on - what else - forthcoming fetish parties. If you want to go to these rave evenings, phone: (in UK) 0891-20 00 06 or from overseas: int'l-44-891-20 00 06.

LES FANTASMATICS by Jacques Leurquin. Leather, vinyl, latex, even rubber freaks - don't miss out on having the anthology of photos by our fetish photographer **JACQUES LEURQUIN** in your collection. If you flip at the sight of thigh boots, just like our friend Leurquin does, don't delay - get a look at these superb photos. Firstly the models, who are well worth the effort, and then these materials... Look at how they're worn but above all at how they're photographed. The eroticism evoked here very classy, the photos are subtly suggestive and they infuse you with an incomparable refinement. To get your copy, write to: Boutique MINUIT, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Bruxelles Belgium. Price BF 500.

CLUB I.M.S. The International Mackintosh Society, founded in 1967, is a very popular British club which brings together people who are interested in fetish clothing and fetishism in general. The club has grown since its inception and become an international organisation which maintains close links between its members by means of a quarterly magazine and a correspondence service. The club holds its principal meeting each year, at the beginning of November, in a London hotel. Over the weekend members can enjoy two dinner/dances, a fashion show and a sale of clothing created by the seven best European fetish clothing manufacturers. Members come from Belgium, Denmark, France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, the United States and even Australia. British law imposes its rules, but even so the club succeeded in bringing together fetishists who were able to exchange views about their passion and obtain quality fetish clothing. For more details: Secretary General IMS, P O Box 104, Dover, Kent CT16 1XQ, England.

Jürgen Boedt





SM BADGES: Here are the designs of the latest SM badges. Manufactured in colour by a very talented artist, they are truly marvellous. We advise you to give - or to get yourself given - one of these magnificent works of art. Please note, limited edition! Price: BF 200. On sale at Boutique MINUIT, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Bruxelles or at Scarabée d'Or in Paris, France and at Jaybird, Rue Scailquin 60, 1030 Bruxelles, Belgium.

WILD
DESIGNS
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Exclusively for you we present a preview of WILD DESIGN's latest catalogue, available from Boutique MINUIT. Feast your eyes! Photos by Robert Chouraqui. Ask for our free list of magazines and catalogues!

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BEING A SLAVE, ONE IS PROTECTED.

Musings of a masochist

The question which is so frequently asked is also the question which it is almost impossible to answer : why is sadomasochism pleasurable ? Pleasurable is too weak a term for the intensity of feeling which this practice evokes in its devotees. Still, there must be some way to elucidate.

Most people enjoy sex. Different methods, arousals, fetishes; all forms of sex. However, all forms do not appeal to all people. It is said that you never know until you try, and there may be some surprises, but the basic motivation is clear to the individual, generally before puberty.

Why is sadomasochism pleasurable ?

In most cases, the awakening interest in sadomasochism has no connection with outside influences. Psychologists would like to have it so easy and even some SM people have willingly or unwillingly co-operated in the over-simplifaction of attributing the aetiology of their desires to events in childhood. In fact, if it were possible for a child to be reared without any human influence, the inclination to dominance or submission would be there, if it had been present in the forst place. The individual connections in the brain predispose each person to ... whatever turns him/her on. Nature, not Nurture.

Dominant or submissive : I do not know if it is possible to be both. Most have, naturally, tried both ways, but they have a definitive preference. I have never had any inclination to being dominant, but I tried it when I needed to make a lot of money rather quickly. I must have been convincingly good at it, because most of my customers become "regulars", but it was unnatural to me and therefore stressful. I got by on gin and valium; and felt great relief when I was able to give up that type of work.

I know I could have earned even more money as a submissive, but I never considered it. It was not the potential danger of such a situation (greatly exaggerated, in any case, and the problem could have been solved quite cheaply by hiring a minder). I could never do it for money because I can only do it for real. I should have been even less realistic as a commercial submissive than I was as a commercial dominant. Being sexually submissive is my way of life, but I cannot act it if I do not feel it, if the man does not turn me on. The most important human sexual organ is in the head, and this applies to SM people perhaps more strongly than to the exponants of other variations.

As I said, I am sexulaly submissive. This raises another important point, that a dominant or a submissive does not necessarily carry over such manners into erveryday life. Another thoughtless generalisation (from those who try to explain without attempting to understand) claims that a sort of role-reversal takes place, that a prosperous person seeks temporary freedom from responsability by becoming a sexual slave and that a person in a lowly occupation assuages his ego by sexual dominance. In reality (because dissatisfaction with "normal" sex is an indication of higher than average intelligence) both dominant and submissive are likely to be successful people, but I emphasise that this means success as they define it, which is not necessarily as the world defines it.

Being a submissive means that one's sexuality is founded on humiliation and pain, whether real or fanatised. Yet I find no humiliation in being used by my Matser. Whatever he does to me, however harsh and degrading, is elevating because his attention to me is the greatest honour I have known.

Humiliation and/or pain are not acceptable oustide the sexual context, though it may be a useful device if one could achieve a retreat into fantasy in certain circumstances. In theory, for instance, one might be able to enliven an uncomfortable dental session by fantasising abaout the dentist. I have never attempted it because, in those circumstances, I never felt motivated to try. Most of us have to be relaxed, or, at least, freed from other diversions, to make the attempt of mental withdrawal from the physical situation. And maybe the dentist was not attractive. I vaguely recall a lesbian fantasy about the lady who shaped my eyebrows (electrolysis can be quite painful), but, at this distance in time, I cannot be sure whether that was due to pain or to the fact that the elegant, severelooking lady was, in appearance, the ideal Mistress. The problem in that situation was that I was too preoccupied with the discomfort of the electrolysis sessions to make any attempt to find out whether she was on the same wavelength.

The dominant knows the submissive's limits... and he will take her beyond those limits.

I wonder if people who fantasise about doctors (a frequent SM scenario) attempt to move the fantasy into reality. I remember a good-looking surgeon, but, at the time, I was concerned about a lump on my breast and it was only later, when the tumour had been certified non-malignant, that I realised how atractive was the man who had removed that tumour. But was he really so handsome or was my gratitude coulouring my judgment? Briefly but significantly he was my protector, even if he never knew my name.

I seem to have strayed into the intriguing question of my certain occupations are SM turn-ons. In many cases uniform is a key factor; I wonder how many policemen and traffic wardens, going about their routine duties, realise what thrills they are providing. But not to me. To me, uniform represents a delegation of authority and therefore denotes a subordinate. The occupation which turns me on is the lawyer. This may sound surprising, since I have no respect or liking for the law ; but consider that solicitors, in many cases, are there to help their clients circumvent the law. One looks to the solicitor for comfort and protection, and this, though usually only in fantasy, represents the ideal Master and Slave relationship. Whilst clients are in a state of advanced panic, about anything from a house-purchase to a murder case, the lawyer is calm and in control. The archetypal Master. And I may be highlighting the fundamental need : being a slave, one is protected. Everyone (well, almost everyone) needs to feel protected occasionally. Still, there appears to be a distance, a gaping chasm, between being protected and being whipped.

Being a submissive means that one's sexuality is founded on humiliation and pain, whether real or fantasised.

The suggestion has been made that the brain of a submissive converts the sensation of pain to that of pleasure, when, and only when, a certain stimulation (sexual arousal) is also present. To an extent this may be true, though it probably does not greatly increase the resistance to pain. I am not satisfied by this theory, though I accept that the brain is capable of far greater achievements than producing a reversal of perception. Pain is pain. Being whipped in painful. Still I want it. The well-known phrase "crossing the pain barriers" implies that pain has ceased to be pain (as "pain" is generally understood). I have only experienced it infrequently, so perhaps am not qualified to gives an authoritative opinion on this subject, but, when it happened, it was still acutely painful, but I wanted him to continue - needed him to continue, is perhaps more accurate. I did not want him to stop, though it was hurting intensely. Perhaps my experience was extreme (I think it was), but the thought occurred to me that, if my death would give him pleasure, I would gladly die. Of course he did not want that; I mention it here to illustrate the intensity of sensation which I felt at the time and continue to feel.

Incidentally, one regularly sees, in articles about SM by people who have no conception of what SM really means (an unfortunately continual occurence) the statement that the participants arrange a "password"; this word will be uttered by the submissive when she cannot take any more, and the dominant stops on cue. A sensible arrangment for the play- actors, but a serious SM relationship has no time for such cop-outs. The dominant knows the submissive's limits... and he will take her beyond those limits.

As I said, I think humiliation is more important. One abdicates responsibility, gives oneself unreservedly (albeit, in most cases, temporarily) and enjoys the strange feeling of being without cares or obligations. But that does not explain the thrill produced by embarrassment. Perhaps it is a form of exhibitionism; one can imagine an audience even if none is present. And usually the imaginary audience's reactions are far more appropriate than the reactions of a real audience, which would be composed (even at a private function) of people who do not know what SM really is.

What SM really is. I am trying to explain. And not getting very far.

It may seems slightly easier for non-SM people to understand the motivation of the dominant - because we have too many examples of cruelty in the world. However, real dominance has nothing to do with such horrors as holocaust and genocide, although the word SADISM has been misused by those who do not understand it. Both sadism and masochism originally referred to sexual motivation and we should continue to use those words in their initial sense. However, DOMINANCE and SUBMISSION are apparently more acceptable.

Dominance is (as far as I know) for the purpose of gaining fulfilment; probably (or usually) sexual fulfilment. The submissive's satisfaction may derive (to a greater or lesser extent) fromt the knowledge that she is giving pleausre to her Master. Another important source of fulfilment is in knowing that, for a short while, she is occupying her master's attention.

The dominant does not appear to have any consideration for the submissive - she is there solely for his use, his pleasure, but, in reality, he is well aware of her needs and capacities, and aware of how far these can be extended. So the submissive can luxuriate in the thrill of being used more fully than ever before ... and remeber that the true dominant will take her mind as well as her body. Not quite the stuff of pornography. Lying naked under the whip, it is difficult to remember that one's every action, every cry, every move, is being scrutinised and analysed, not only to enable the Master to assess his slave's resistance to pain but to give him a deeper comprehension and therefore greater ownership of his slave.

Every SM relationship is different because the people concerned are different, yet emphasis is placed on the statement that the slave is not a slave all the time. This is a matter of definition : what is a slave ? My Master does not control my every thought and action, but he does not need to do so. I would never act against him. In business, if I disagreed with him, I would not be afraid to state my objection and I know that he would listen to my point of view. But in all aspects of life, I am his slave, though no other person, seeing us together, would guess that we are more than just good friends.

The peasantry do not need to know. I get my exhibitionist kicks by writing about it, not by posturing in public. My private behaviour is for my Master and anyone whom he may decide to include. Not typical ? But, as I said before, the only statement that applies to all of us is the affirmation that we are all different.

DEBORAH.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL

by Mistress Françoise

I dream of becoming the **HEADMISTRESS OF A STRICT BOARDING SCHOOL.** Some men's lack of discipline warrants them being put on a course in a house of correction specializing in the training of boys. The women are in charge, whip in hand. Iron discipline. They learn to obey the Mistresses on pain of corporal punishment. Some men are strong-willed and can't accept being bossed about, reprimanded and punished by women. Some commit grave breaches of discipline and, despite orders to the contrary, pester the girls at the nearby college.

One of them, "L'art et la Lanière"(1) (as he calls himself), has challenged Mistress Katherine by his insolence, the incident is reported to me, and I order him to be very severely punished: trousers down for a spanking and a whipping on his bare arse. Electra will officiate as the redoutable Mistress of Discipline. She'll train him, with my help. My method: wound the big boys' pride by pulling their trousers down and baring their bums. You'll see, you "pig's arse with ears"(2). You will be taken in hand, physically and morally, immediately on arrival. We'll teach you not to disobey the Mistresses.

Mistress Electra wields a stinging cane, she is cold and pitiless. At this very moment I am twisting your ear to force you to your knees...

Hands behind your back, you get a couple of slaps in your upturned face for starters, to teach you who's the boss and who has to be obeyed.

Go to the whipping-post and wait on your knees for the first two punishments for having touched the girls up! Hold out your hands! Katherine, give him 20 with the ruler on each hand. Gigi and Electra, the well-known dominatrices from the polar regions, have come to help me train you, you and the other snotty-nosed little brats like you. Standby with your cane, Gigi. I'll take charge of spanking and humiliating him. We'll pull his trousers down to half-mast. I'll hold him still by wrapping my arm round his waist, so that I can feel his belly and his cock... Then he'll get the spanking from me which he deserves. Slow, stinging slaps to the bum. Then we're going to alternate the sessions of spanking, correction and penitence with sessions of waiting for the punishment to come. What do you think of that, Mistresses???

I want this boarding school to be an model of its kind, the blows are to be delivered slowly, in the English fashion, so that we can threaten and scold them.

Examples of physical humiliation: hands behind your back to get your face slapped. Gripped forcefully and having your ear twisted to train you in punishment. Having your trousers pulled down by force.

Strict execution of postures: backside up in the air and offered to the Mistresses, thighs wide apart, without moving. Have them kneel down with their hands on their heads to await the promised punishment.

An example of posture, offering to the Mistress: bent over a stool or the back of a chair, legs a part, lying on a table or bench, whip well in sight. Possibly with a plug in the butt. Examples of moral humiliation: reprimands, threats of severe punishment, showing the whip. Making them say what we do to a boy who is disobedient or who tries to humiliate the Mistresses. Make them promise, whilst they're being whipped, not to be disobedient any more.

Repeat the shameful words: punishment, whip, bare-bum spanking, the strap. Make them count the lashes and say "Thank you".

Examples of phrases to be repeated: I am a naughty boy, my Mistress gives me the whip, I deserve a good spanking. If a boy is disobedient, his Mistress gives him the whip.

An example of intimidation: Who's in charge here? The pig-heads or the Mistresses? I'm going to tame you... I'll show you how I punish naughty boys who dare to disobey the Mistresses! I pull their trousers down, I give them the strap and I spank them! I train naughty boys with the strap! Get your arse up, higher than that! Spread your legs! So I can see your cock! Hands behind your back! On your knees! Aren't you ashamed of showing your bare bum to the Mistresses? Will you touch the girls up again? And you, you pig's arse with ears, will you be coming back in front of Mistress Katherine's tribunal? The shame, the strap, a spanking and - for the incorrigibles - the cane, from Gigi, the terrifying Belgian dominatrix.

Mistress Françoise, Paris
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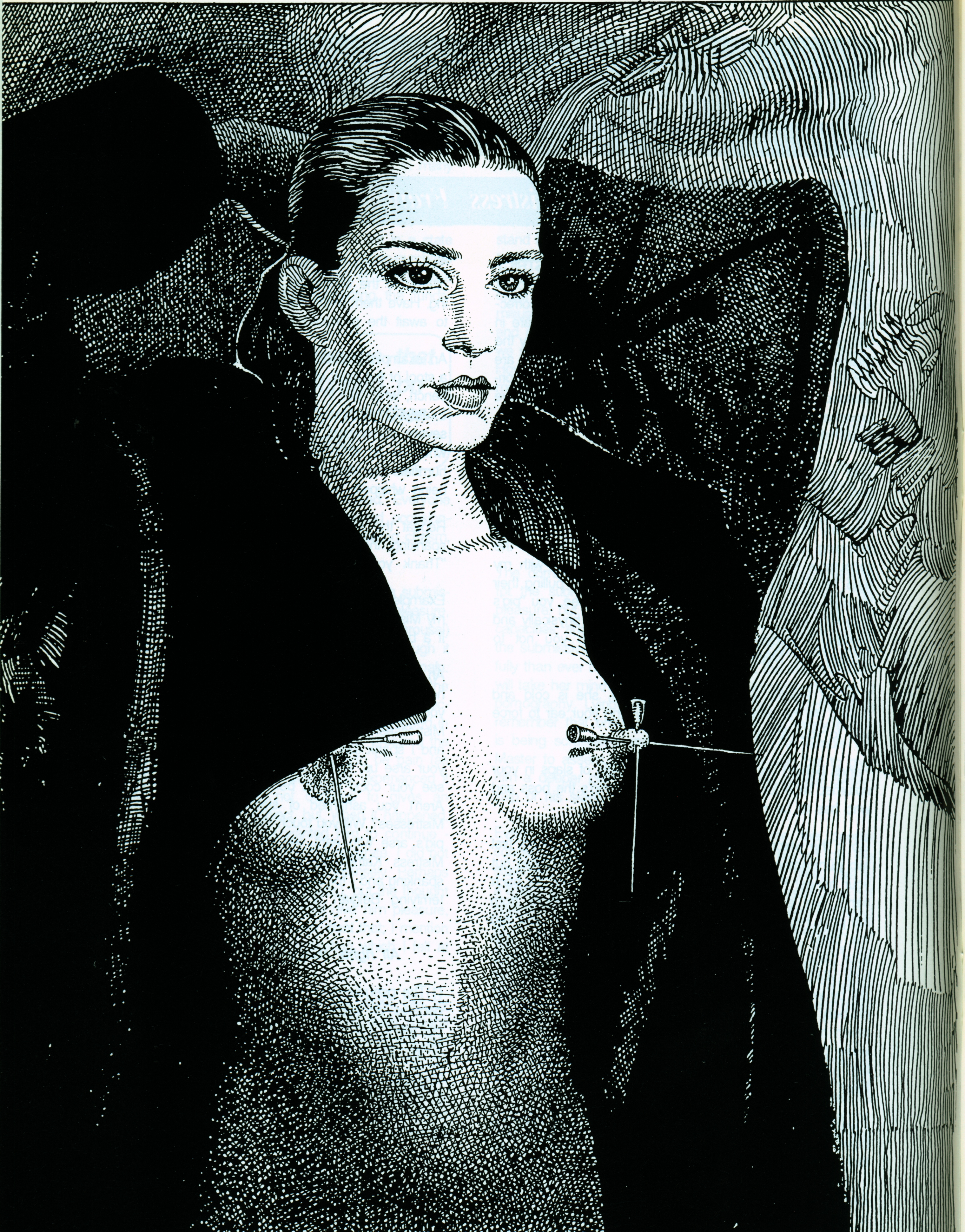
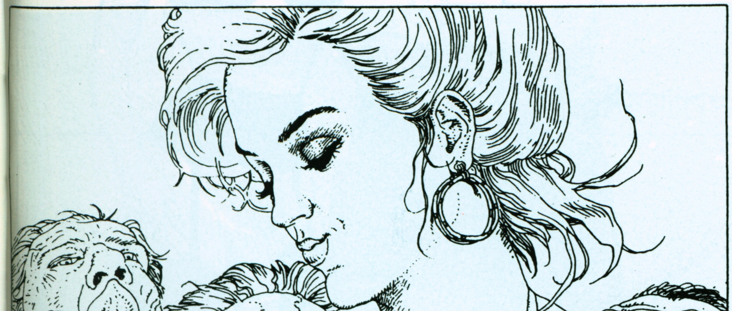
(1)The pseudonym "L'art et Lanière" crops up in the public debates on Minitel. His visiting card states him to be a dominant. He regularly mocks dominatrices and submissives - we won't forget to get our own back on him with a wink.
(2)Word borrowed from a submissive who was proposing to become a dominatrix


MŒBIUS 92

PARALLEL STORIES

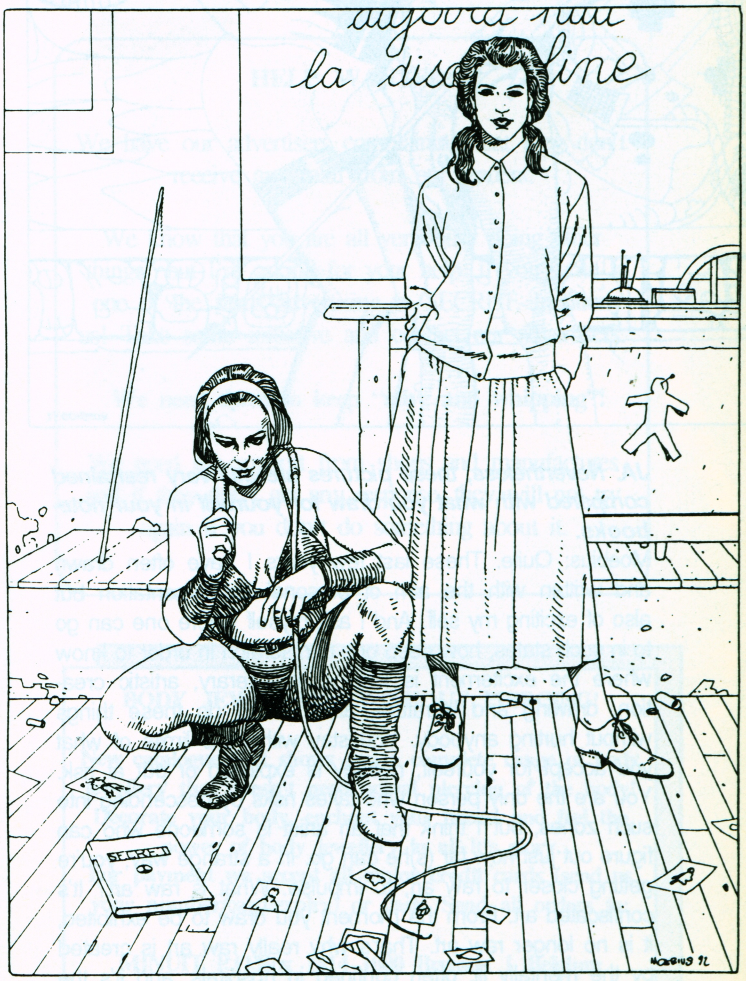
Exclusive interview with Moebius

Moebius, an inspired illustrator, creator of astonishing images and master of the art of such drawings, was interviewed for us by a lady friend of our Paris correspondent. This exquisite lady, is Mistress Françoise, whose very interesting book is being published soon. We'll review it when the time comes. The drawings in **"Histoires d'X"** are part of a story, a story which runs parrallel to all of Moebius's output and which you will find only scattered traces of in his published work. A story which ties in with his whole problematic and his taste for transgression.

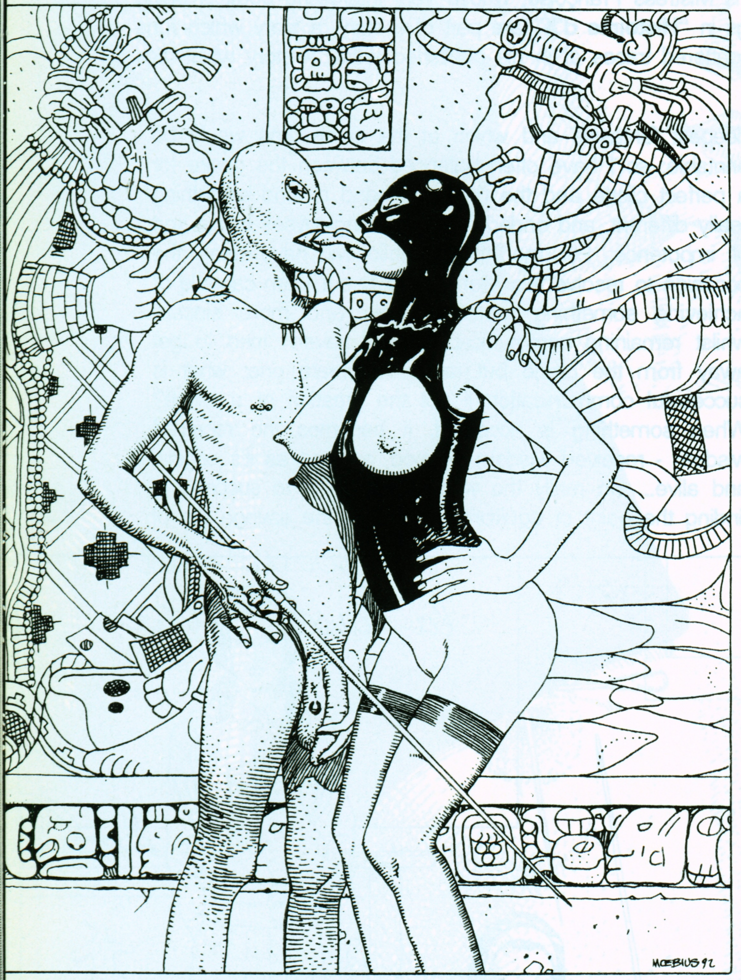


Jean Annestay: So is Moebius, the "lover of scandals", once again cocking a snook with this portfolio?

Moebius: What is a taboo? What is forbidden and what excites? What arouses me? What are the things I would love to do but which I wouldn't really like to do? (Laughs) A part of my parallel story comes to light through these drawings. Like everybody, I have a real sex life and a fantasy sex life. My drawings expressed them now and then, sometimes in an ethereal way, sometimes with depth, often by flirting with sadomasochism, scatology and other "perversions". That's what it's a question of here, a bit. I have often been dismayed by certain of my graphic blocks as soon as it was a question of eroticism, by the difficulty of putting in place something which permits me to show my deepest fantasies and which at the same time would be printable; so I have often balanced between the desire for a perfect cliché and the desire to hand around something really different, and ended up by freezing myself into a sort of impotence. For me, this portfolio will have been the occasion to resolve this dilemma, to see if I am capable of achieving something more sensitive and more sincere whilst remaining communicable. So I haven't tried to get away from the cliché but rather to create one: what is successful communication if not the creation of a cliché? When something is accepted, it becomes the received wisdom - received wisdom is good, as long as it's original and alive... So really the whole problem is to succeed in finding the point of equilibrium between the savage fire of

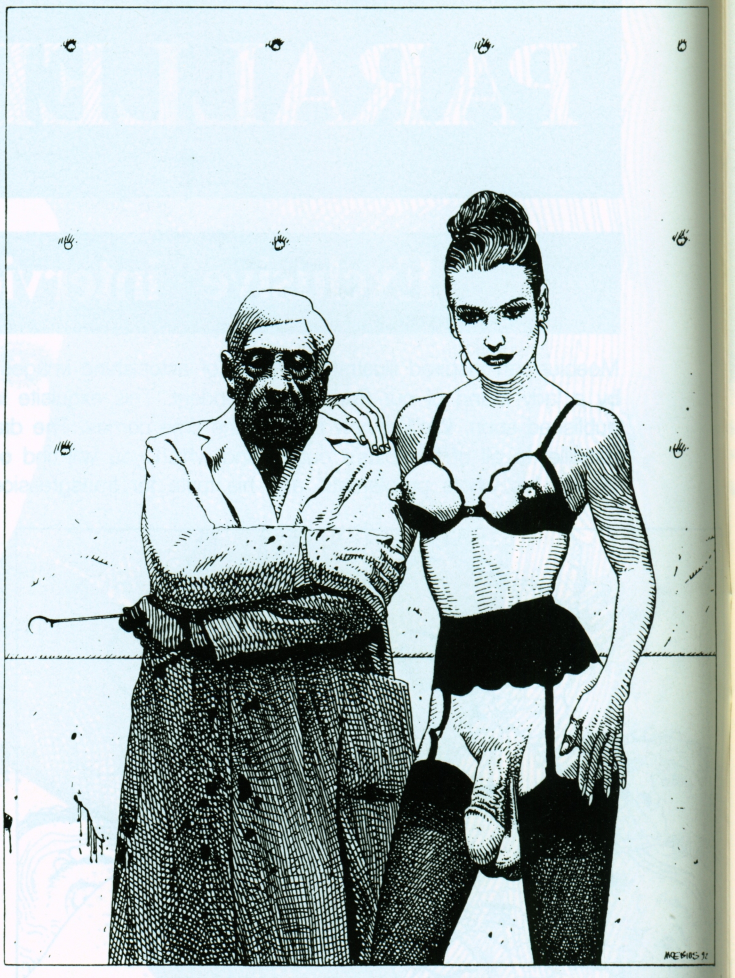


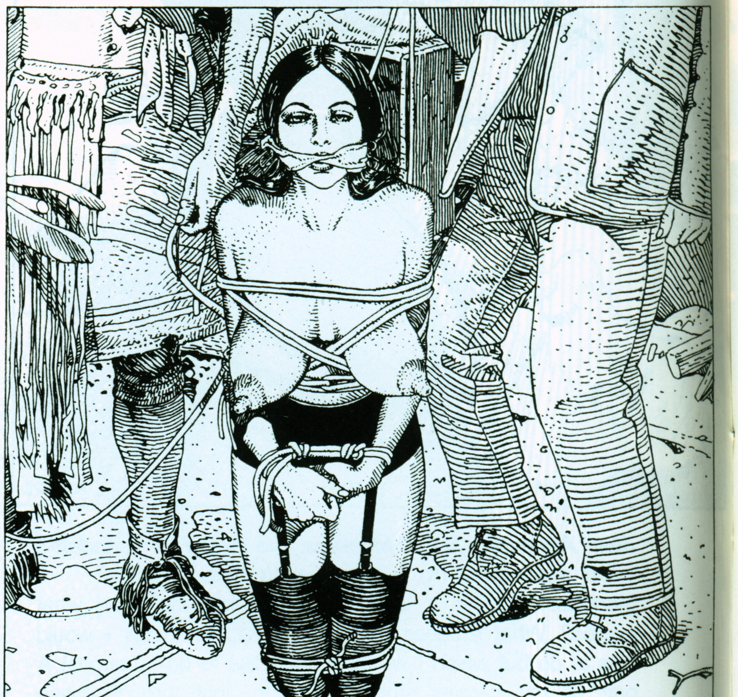
uncontrolled sexuality and acceptable convention. And it's difficult because, in dreams, there are no limits and our subconscious is crawling with monsters. So what comes out of these states of excitement can often only be communicated with difficulty, the excitement can lead us to the death wish and to the most revolting aberrations. These are the things which are in us, which are part of our intimate or collective history and which it is difficult for us to deny. These things must be able to come out without going over the top, that is to say by being kept in a state of art, of communication and of usefulness. This portfolio is one of my first attempts in this direction but there will very certainly be others.



JA: Nevertheless, these pictures are still very restrained compared with what you draw for yourself in your notebooks.

Moebius: Quite. These last few years I have often drawn and written with the aim of personal experimentation but also of exciting myself. And I ask myself where one can go to in such states, how deep one can scratch in order to know where the excitement is leading to. Literary, artistic creation, drawing and literature, allow us to do these things without hurting anybody. You stay within the limits of what you accept for yourself, nobody is exploited or put at risk. You are the only person who takes risks by descending into such zones, but I think that an artist is someone who can figure out just how far (s)he can go. In a strange way, you're getting closer to raw art, to impulse. What is raw art? It's confiscated art. From the moment you draw to be exhibited, it is no longer raw art. That's why really raw art is created by the mentally ill, often confined in hospitals, and it's the

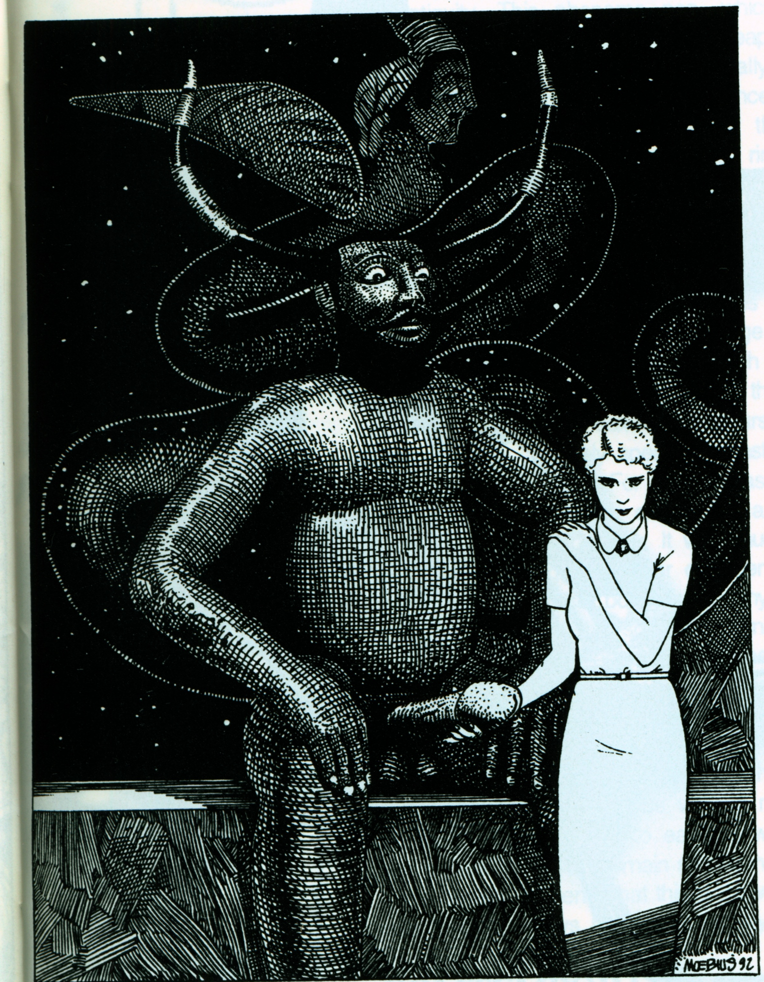




doctors and nurses who confiscate their works. They're like magical acts which allow them to communicate with our side of the world.

JA: Is this portfolio your way of communicating to us images of your fantasized sexuality, through the codes of sadomasochism?

Moebius: Yes. I have wavered between two tendencies: one consisted of letting myself be carried along by my own weight, my pleasure in drawing certain pictures and the other has lain in the aesthetic and philosophical pleasure of recording the grotesque and extraordinary aberrations of human behaviour in the form of sexuality. So, obviously, my interest is a sign that it touches me but I have never got involved in any of the sadomasochistic practices in the drawings and texts... and of the fact that I love to watch people whilst they're indulging in sadomasochism and scatology.



JA: Some voyeurism?

Moebius: Yes. A voyeurism which would be not only visual but conceptual as well. For the same reason as with the Western: I love seeing a cowboy get on his horse, fire away with his pistol and hit the bull's eye, without actually buying myself a pistol or a horse.

We are all voyeurs when faced with the performances of others. People who practice sadomasochism and do it well, with a whole aesthetic ritual, create a whole theatricalness of Eros. They're performers, people who create marvellous works with their bodies. Most of the time secret works, given morals. So, am I SM? Yes and no. I am an admirer at all events and I think that there can be geniuses in sadomasochism, that men and women create masterpieces out of desire and breaking taboos.

Interview conducted in Paris, August 1992.

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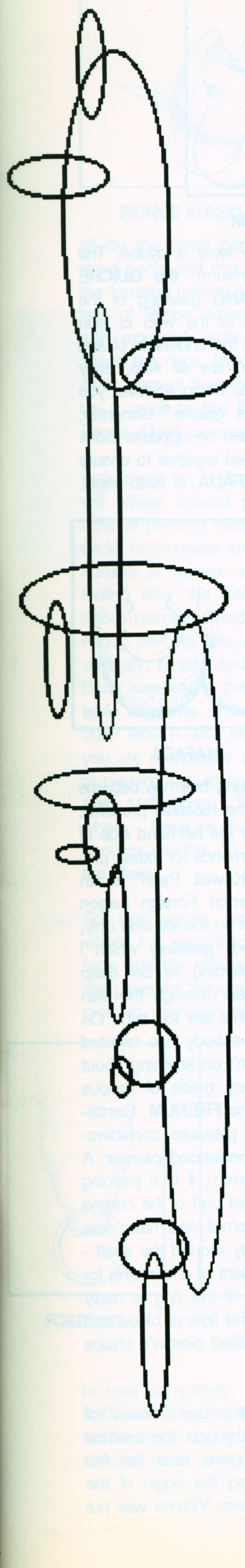
PIERCING



HISTORICAL

Piercing part of the body, hereinafter called "piercing", is a very ancient art which was highly regarded in Antiquity. This phenome non, which remained very secret until now, has suddenly reappeared and become a true "fashion". Historically speaking, piercing has been known about since Pharaonic Egypt. Some authors maintain that the Pharaoh Akhenaton would have worn a golden ring set in the navel. In the Roman Empire, certain initiatory and military rites were accompanied by piercing the nipples. This roughly corresponded to gold braid in today's military. Proud centurions, Caesar's bodyguard, displayed their pierced nipples to accentuate their virility and show their courage. Sometimes the piercings were also used to attach small capes to. And it was in Ancient Rome that piercings intended to prevent sexual intercourse appeared on the scene - roughly speaking chastity belts, but of a very special kind. For men it was a horizontal piercing of the foreskin closed by a mechanism similar to a simple padlock. It was much the same for women, through the inner or outer labia. Piercing to embellish the body is, to my mind, very widespread among the so-called primitive peoples. Borneo, Africa and Papua New Guinea abound in peoples with bodies pierced in several places. By way of anecdote, I must quote a curious Japanese piercing practice. For obvious reasons a Yakuza, a Japanese Mafioso, sometimes finds himself in the emperor's prisons, where he will cut notches along the shaft of his penis, into each of which he then puts a pearl which will remain sealed in the skin after it has healed. It seems that this is his way of making sure that he always has some money on him.

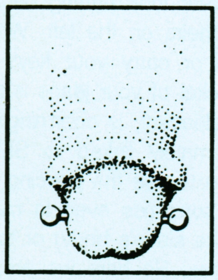
COMTEMPORARY MOTIVES

We can now turn to the contemporary motives for wearing rings or barbells in the skin. The first reason, not to be ignored, is simply aeasthetics. Think about the huge number of people who have had their ears or, more seldom, their noses pierced. Although no-one actually says so, this is a fully fledged piercing. The second reason is what might be called the "Modern Primitive" movement. Usually at home in the United States, these Modern Primitives do not hesitate to practice rites passed down by, for example, the American Indians. They organize genuine initiation ceremonies where it is not uncommon to find one of the (male or female) participants hanging from a tree on hooks rather like the ones used in a butcher's shop. Europe has been exposed to the movement to some extent through the various aspects which have been assimilated into punk ideology. The third reason for being pierced is a sense of belonging... without any doubt, wearing rings is symbolically important in fetishist circles and yet more so in sadomasochistic ones. The film of "The Story of O" at least had the merit of reminding us that wearing rings on the labia indicates subjection to a quasi-mythical Master. In gay circles it is customary for the piercing to mean different things, according to which side it is on: the left-hand side is reserved for Masters, the right for slaves. Obviously this statement should be treated with some caution. I know Masters who wear their earring on the right and slaves who wear theirs on the left. Which side you wear your earring or carry your keys or your kerchief in the back pocket of your jeans is part of a folklore which, al beit pleasant, is charmingly passé. The fourth reason, intimately linked to SM, stems from the Master's desire to use the piercing either to hang weights on (and somtimes even to make aesthetic modifications to the slave's body) or to prevent the latter indulging in sex. So here we are, face to face with our fellow (wo)men who are thinking about undergoing the exulting experience of piercing. What advice can we give them?

PIERCINGS!

Who do you turn to for a piercing or do you have to do it yourself? In my opinion there is no worse idea than to pierce yourself. The situation you find yourself in for doing an auto-piercing does not allow you to do it with precision. If you want the piercing of labia, breasts or testicules to be symmetrical, one of the basic criteria is perfect symmetry in relation to the vertical axis through the middle of your body. It is impossible to achieve this in respect of your own body. Which piercer to go to? A few moments thought should suffice to direct you to a quality piercer. Firstly, you really must avoid having your piercing done at an SM party or - as is often the case in England - at a fairground. Sterile conditions cannot be guaranteed in either of these two situations. Whilst going to a doctor or surgeon certainly guarantees you that everything used is perfectly sterile and (if necessary) an anaesthetic under proper conditions, the extremely limited number of candidates for piercing who actually go to a registered doctor means that the medical profession has very little practical experience in the matter. As a result of this lack of practice, the efficacity and aesthetic appeal of a piercing done by a disciple of Aesculapius may be considerably reduced. When you go to a piercer for the first time, a few basic questions will help to ensure your safety. Make sure that the piercer has a sterilizer. **ATTENTION: clean is not the same thing as sterile!** Plunging the ring and the piercing instruments into an antiseptic cleansing bath is not enough. They won't be sterile unless exposed to heat (180oC/350oF) and pressure, ie in a sterilizer. Avoid piercers who re-use rings. It's best to use disposable piercing needles.

Do you need an anaesthetic or not when having your piercing done? Popular opinion has it that a piercing can be done just as well without an anaesthetic as with one. For my part, I consider that an anaesthetic is absolutely necessary in the case of a delicate piercing (ampallang, dydoe and Prince Albert for men; clitoris and labia majora, ie outer lips, for women) or one done with a large-diameter needle (2.5mm). At present some piercers use "icing", mainly for cry-babies. **DON'T be tempted to anaesthetize yourself with poppers, drugs or alcohol**. The piercing will be a success if the person who is to be pierced has taken the decision to do so voluntarily and is in good health. Never overestimate your resistance to pain. A common cold, everyday worries or the onset of your period might delay the healing process. Suffering during piercing only leads to it being broken off or going wrong.


AMPALLANG

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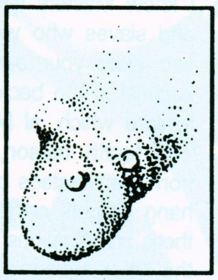
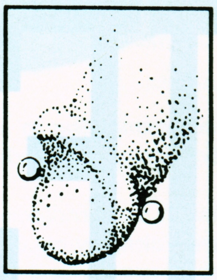
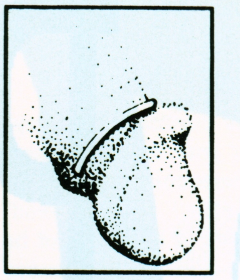
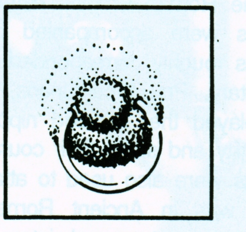
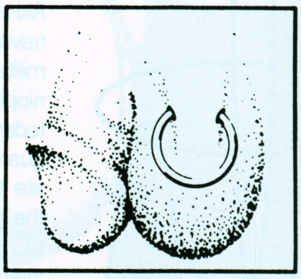

DYDOE

Once you have made up your mind to have yourself pierced, the fundamental question is what type of piercing you want. At the risk of seeming to preach, I would advise against **the AMPALLANG**, which is the piercing perpendicular to the glans, with the urinary tract and the piercing forming a cross. The ampallang takes a long time to heal and it is often accompanied by great pain. The advantage of the ampallang is that it considerably increases the pleasure of the (male or female) partner of the man who wears it. When young boys on the shores of the Indian Ocean, where the ampallang originated, reach puberty the piercing is done by an old woman who pierces the glans horizontally and inserts a bar of bone or ivory - or gold if the young boy's family is better off.


APADRAVYA

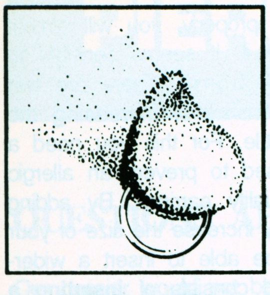

FRENUM


NIPPLE

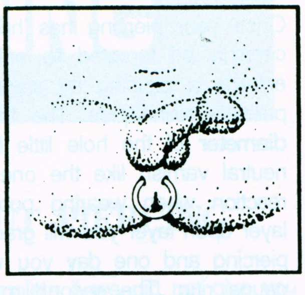

HAFADA

The APADRAVYA, described in the Kama Sutra but not a particularly popular piercing nowadays, originated with a small tribe in southern India and was generally done vertically. **The DYDOE**, generally worn in pairs, is much less dangerous than the ampallang but induces the same sensations. It consists of piercings parallel to the longitudinal axis of the shaft of the penis, from below the coronal ridge of the glans to several centimetres above it. Healing does not take long, two to three months. With the dydoe, the piercer's skill will ensure that the barbell studs are placed where they will provide the most stimulation. It is not advisable for non-circumcised men to wear a dydoe. **The HAFADA** (lateral piercing of the scrotum), **the GUICHE** (located in the perineum), **the OETANG** (piercing of the foreskin) and **the FRENUM** (piercing of the web of skin between the foreskin and the glans on the underside of and transverse to the shaft of the penis) are all safe, easy piercings. The guiche is often linked to being a slave, you often hear the expression: "A slave's guiche." Generally, the oetang consists of two rings inserted on opposite sides of the foreskin - which can be padlocked together to ensure the chastity of the male. As for **the HAFADA**, of Arab origin, it constitutes irrefutable proof that a young boy has become a "man": during the "rite of passage " he receives presents, among them a ring which is placed on the left-hand side of the scrotum. Well-off Arabs have diamonds or other precious stones set in the ring (the "Kuwait Pearl" is an example). Some members of the French Foreign Legion returned to France with a Hafada, often on the left side only, sometimes on both sides. All the body jewellery which I have just mentioned requires the piercing to be deep enough to ensure that it will not to tear through the skin when wearing weights or even jeans that are too tight. On several occasions I have seen how the body has rejected the ring after a cheap piercing. You can't do anything about it, unfortunately, other than try jewellery made of various metals. And now a few words about **the FRENUM**. Gentlemen, this piercing can increase your pleasure considerably. It really **must be done by an experienced piercer**. A frenum is not just a piercing of the frenum, it is a piercing transverse to the shaft through the lowest part of the corona of the glans. The ring can be either small and hang free below the shaft or be made to fit snugly around the shaft - in which case you will have the equivalent of a cockring for the glans when you have an erection. If the ring is badly fitted (ie too small), you risk cutting off the flow of blood and suffering a nacrosis - so trust your qualified piercer's choice of diameter for the ring.

The PRINCE ALBERT is indisputably the "bee's knees" of male piercings. It consists of a ring through the urethral meatus which re-emerges below the glans near the frenum. There are two legends concerning the origin of the name Prince Albert. The first is that Queen Victoria was put



PRINCE ALBERT



GUICHE

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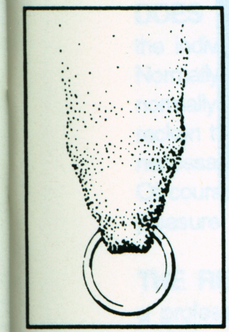
off by the smell coming from Prince Albert's non-circumcised penis and that a large-size ring was inserted to keep the foreskin retracted as if it were circumcised. The second tells of Prince Albert commanding a regiment of soldiers with extremely tight-fitting trousers. He ordered them to attach the rings, fitted as described above, to their belts so as to present their most intimate arms in such a way as to be a credit to the British army. Although spectacular, the Prince Albert piercing is one of two which heal rapidly.

Let's move on to **female piercings**. Every intelligent being will advise against piercing the clitoris itself. All associations of piercing fans have a newsletter full of tricks of the trade, testimonials and confessions. I have lost count of the number of women who say that they have lost all clitoral feeling after the nerves were severed whilst having the clitoris pierced. Clitorites of the world, beware! On the other hand, piercing the clitoral hood, whether horizontally or vertically, is safe and often a source of increased pleasure. Body jewellery in the clitoral hood **might cause uncontrollable orgasms** in the supermarket. Piercing the inner and outer labia is also relatively safe and heals rapidly provided you are scrupulous about your personal hygiene. This type of piercing should not be too close to the edge of the labia (min 1/4"/ 5mm). There are numerous reports of cases where - because the piercing was too close to the edge - hanging weights on the rings caused them to cut through the flesh.

For both sexes, **nipple piercing** is one of those things where it is very difficult - if not impossible - to ascertain the facts and the effects, both in relation to how they heal and the pleasure they give. Contrary to what is stated in many piercing manuals, nipple piercings can take several years to heal completely. There's no need to worry if a whitish fluid oozes out of the entrance and exit holes. This phenomenon is roughly the same thing as a snake shedding its old skin for a new one.



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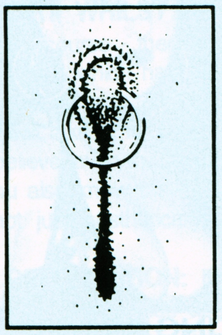

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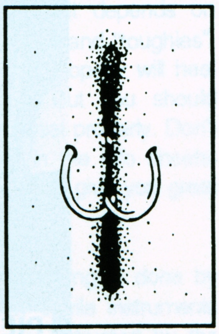


LABIA

THE JEWELLERY

The long discussions between experts about the size and the material to use for rings or barbells for piercing have not resulted in a consensus of opinion.

Let's deal with the size first. Two aspects need to be taken into consideration: **the diameter** of the ring and **the guage** of the steel or gold wire it's made of. The diameter of the ring must be large enough to ensure that it will not chafe. If it is too big it will get twisted, making healing more difficult and thus longer. A 20-22mm diameter is almost universally ideal. I would not advise choosing wire with a guage in excess of 2.5mm for the first piercing. So you have two options: The first is to use a very thin guage (1.5mm for example) - in which case piercing is easy and exact, with healing being rapid; but if you want to enhance the piercing later, you will have to enlarge it, which often necessitates a second period of healing. The visual effect of as mall-guage piercing is minimal. The second option is for a "larger" piercing - generally 2.5mm. This usually obviates the need for any later enlargement as a 2.5mm guage is already quite large. However, precision is reduced when piercing relatively thick flesh as the effort required to do the piercing with a 2.5mm needle is very much greater than with a 1.5mm one.

Various materials are used to make body jewellery for piercings: surgical steel, gold, plastic and wood.

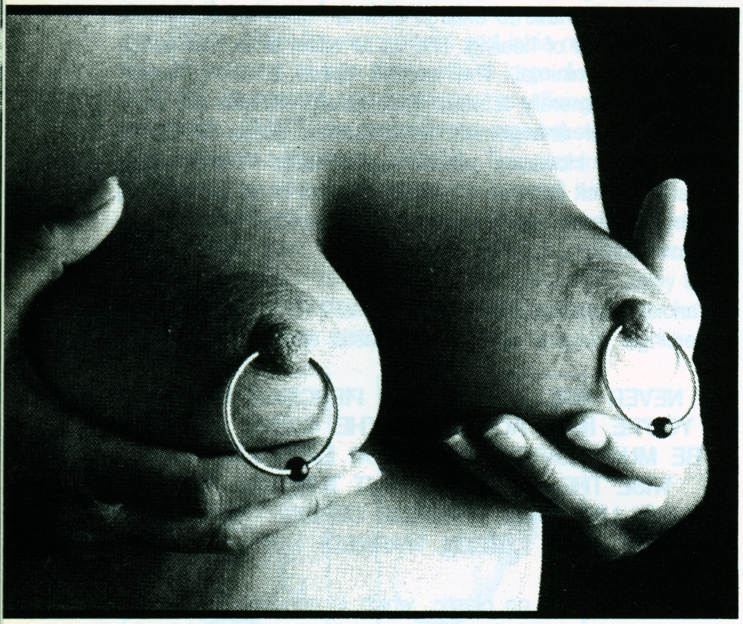
NEVER USE EARRINGS IN PIERCINGS UNLESS YOU'RE INTO ACCIDENTS! THE GAUGE SHOULD BE MUCH LARGER THAN FOR EARRINGS OTHERWISE THE RINGS WILL CUT THROUGH YOUR FLESH LIKE WIRE THROUGH CHEESE - YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

I have not dwelt on plastic, which is generally inaesthetic, nor on wood, which is a rare speciality mostly used by the New Promitives in the United States. My own experience tends to indicate that surgical steel is preferable to gold because it is less likely to be rejected by the body. Is steel more aesthetic than gold? Or is it the other way round? In general, the cold look of steel seduces pierce(e)s from the world of SM.

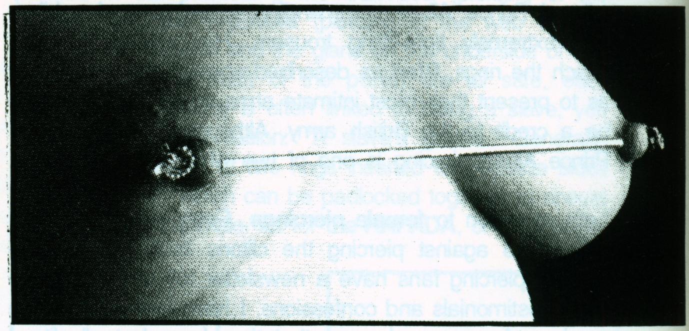
MEDICATION AND CARE

I am now going to touch on the care required before, during and after piercing. The first thing - which really ought to go without saying - is impeccable personal hygiene. One day I advised a woman to use a medication when performing her ablutions so as to guarantee that her "fresh" piercing would heal properly. A week later she phoned me to say that her piercing was infected. When I asked her whether she had used the medication mentioned above, she replied: "Not yet, sir, you told me to use it when I perform my ablutions! " NO COMMENT! It's a good idea to take multivitamin tablets for a week before having the piercing done. I also recommend copper as a trace element. During the piercing itself, the piercers will use medicaments which they understand perfectly.

As an anaesthetic: either an aerosol to spray a freezing gas, or a Xylocain gel or spray (wait 20 mins after application) or even an injection of the same (or similar) substance. Always check that the piercer is using Xylocain which does not contain adrenalin or any vasoconstrictive agent, otherwise you could be putting yourself in grave danger. If your piercer is qualified, (s)he will first disinfect the area around the spot to be pierced and will apply an antibiotic cream for the actual insertion of the ring. There are several medications you can use to great effect in the fortnight after the piercing: for general health, continue the multi-vitamin tablets and supplement them with zinc tablets. **AIDS is not a myth**, so remember that you have an open wound in a spot which generally comes into contact with sperm. Excessive, "stabbing" pain is a sign that you have a serious infection. Consult a doctor and take antibiotics. Do not hesitate to see a doctor if your piercing causes swelling. Please note: if any pus comes out of the entrance and exit holes of the piercing it is better to leave the body jewellery in place than to remove it as it is acting as a drain. Luckily, piercings usually heal well. For a fortnight you should use a miracle product: transcutaneous Hexomedine. As its name indicates, this product pentrates in to the skin to fight any possible infection. Take care - prolonged use may cause severe skin irritation. You can also use an antibiotic ointment which does, however, have the disadvantage of forming little irregularities inside the piercing which might damage the piercing itself. The same is true of the lubricating cream or jelly used to re-insert your body jewellery after cleaning. Water-based lubricants are preferable for this purpose, baby oil even more so. You should not pull your jewellery for several weeks after the piercing, but you should turn it. Don't hang weights from it until it has healed completely. If you're into natural medicines, you will be aware that products based on camomile extract may speed up the healing process. A poultice of fresh, ground ginger might cure any infection which may occur. When you take your body jewellery out at a later date, I recommend cleaning it in two-stages: First, put it in a 4% hydrogen peroxide solution - you will see organic matter drop off. On the other hand, I would advise against the practice - which is often recommended in piercing circles - of using hydrogen peroxide on your jewellery whilst you are still wearing it. Having removed the organic matter, you can rinse your jewellery and ensure that you have disinfected it by putting it in a strong chlorine solution, made by mixing one part of bleach in ten parts of water or, better, by adding Chlonazone. Some peoples' perfectionism runs to boiling their rings in a pressure cooker - not a bad idea as this domestic appliance does in fact generate enough heat and pressure to disinfect your jewellery properly.



Once your piercing has healed properly, you will almost certainly be tempted **to enlarge** it. It seems sensible to enlarge a piercing by stages of 0.5mm. There are two possible techniques. The first consists of **increasing the diameter** of the hole little by little. For this you need a neutral varnish like the ones used to prevent an allergic reaction when wearing poor quality earrings. By adding layer upon layer you will gradually increase the size of your piercing and one day you will be able to insert a wider-gauge ring. The second method consists of **inserting a tapered ring or barbell** where the lesser diameter is 0.5mm smaller and the greater one is 0.5mm bigger than your present piercing. You can buy them from companies which sell body jewellery. If lubrification is necessary, use baby oil (mentioned above). If you experience any pain, spray the area with an aerosol painkiller. Good piercing and... take care!



Guy Lemaire & Jürgen Boedt

Piercing World
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A mine of information and fascination as it
explores the attraction and sensuality of
INTIMATE BODY JEWELLERY ADORNMENT

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PIERCING

QUESTIONS ABOUT PIERCING

Our dossier would not be complete if we did not give you some practical information. People who want to get themselves pierced often are often too scared to ask even very elementary questions. So here's a number of questions and answers.

HOW SHOULD I PREPARE MYSELF BEFORE HAVING THE PIERCING DONE? Truth to tell, there is no "proper" preparation. Phoning for an appointment is obvious. Check whether you have any allergies or other medical problems which might slow the healing process down - a competent piercer will take them into account. Have a bite to eat before your appointment at the piercer's but DON'T drink alcohol. Alcohol or drugs can cause problems and, in any case, the piercer won't attend to anyone who seems to be under the influence. Some people like to take along a friend who wants to watch - if it reassures you, why not? Be as relaxed as possible.

DOES BEING PIERCED HURT? Yes, it hurts, but much less than most people think. Modern technology and techniques are so developed and the instruments are so sophisticated that the piercing has often been done before you realize it - though maybe not all piercings...

WILL THE AREA AROUND THE PIERCING BE ANAESTHETIZED? Some piercers don't like anaesthetizing the area because the injection often hurts more than the piercing itself. In the USA some doctors use Novocaine. A new technique is to use a high-pressure gun to "shoot" the anaesthetic in. No needle, very efficient. Anaesthetizing creams don't work very well. And don't forget that the area around the piercing will be held tight in clamps, which temporarily stops the flow of blood and so automatically has the same effect as a local anaesthetic.

DOES IT HURT WHILST HEALING? It depends on the individual, of course - there are "softies" and "toughies". Normally a piercing which has been done properly will heal normally and won't hurt whilst healing. But you should reckon that it will take at least a year to heal properly. Don't necessarily believe everything you read in the info sheets. Of course you also know that a piercing will give you great pleasure - not just aesthetically.

THE RISK OF INFECTION: If your piercing is done by a professional who only uses absolutely sterile instruments and if you take care of the piercing as instructed by the piercer, everything will be OK and you run no risk of infection. If you do notice an infection, see a doctor. If you're afraid to go to your GP, don't hesitate to contact us - we can recommend someone to you. But, if you are in pain, don't hesitate to contact someone because it can hurt a great deal. If you notice any sort of reaction, contact your piercer - you might be allergic to the metal used. Explain your case and everything will turn out all right. Remember, it is in the piercer's interest to see that everything goes smoothly because word-of-mouth is the best possible advertising.

ARE PIERCING NEEDLES RE-USED? NEVER, rest assured. All the piercers we contacted confirmed this.

HOW MANY PIERCINGS CAN BE DONE AT THE SAME TIME? As a general rule, three is the maximum. If you want more, make another appointment. At first just look after your initial piercing(s). Once they have healed properly, you can start to think about more piercings.

WILL I EXPERIENCE A LOSS OF SENSITIVITY OR FEELING AROUND THE PIERCING? For most people's feeling is enhanced. This is one of the reasons why so many people get themselves pierced. Some women who have experienced (almost) no pleasurable sensations any more have experienced a return of feeling since having their breasts or clitoris pierced. The percentage of people who complain of a reduction in feeling is practically zero.

CAN YOU MAKE LOVE WITH GENITAL PIERCINGS? Yes, of course, provided you take proper precautions whilst they are healing. A good condom is just the thing. The main point is to keep the piercing and the surrounding area scrupulously clean: even your own sweat can cause problems. Be very patient!

DO PIERCED BREASTS HAVE A NEGATIVE IMPACT ON BREAST-FEEDING? We asked a few women. All of them said that the piercing did not interfere with breast-feeding in any way. But let's be quite clear - you shouldn't have a piercing done during pregnancy. Stands to reason, doesn't it?

WHICH METALS ARE RECOMMENDED FOR BODY JEWELLERY? Gold, at least 14 carat, and surgical steel are the only ones which are recommended (apart from platinum and titanium, which are too expensive). Definitely DON'T use: silver, bronze or copper.

WHEN CAN YOU TAKE THE JEWELLERY OUT WITHOUT DAMAGING THE PIERCING? There are two stages in the healing process: the first one, in which a light skin forms on the inner surface of the wound caused by the piercing - and a second, longer one in which the hole made hardens and becomes more resistant. Once healed, you can take your ring out whenever you want but not for long at a time. But if after a longish period (which varies from person to person) you find that the hole is closing up, go and see your piercer.

IS IT ADVISABLE TO USE A PIERCING GUN OR NOT? You need to be aware of the fact that these "guns" were designed to be used on ears only. Very few piercers use them, preferring to use sterile needles.

DO I NEED TO REMOVE MY RINGS BEFORE GOING THROUGH A METAL DETECTOR? (security check at airport etc) Not necessarily, if they're small rings. If you've got big rings, possibly. *(Translator's note: my odalisque flies backwards and forwards across Europe and, despite having rings through her nipples and a padlock hanging from her inner labia, has never had any problems - mostly the detector doesn't register the metal,* *so it doesn't buzz and no-one is any the wiser; occasionally the detector goes off and the security staff ask. The answer "body jewellery" usually satisfies them. Only once did my odalisque have to actually show her body jewellery to the female security supervisor - but it was not a problem. I hope that this helps to put some of your minds at ease.)*

MUST I TAKE PRECAUTIONS WHEN DOING SPORT? It's not a problem unless you ride a bike. Avoid all chafing during healing. Remember to shower after sport or at least to wear clothing which will absorb the perspiration.

AND SWIMMIMG POOLS AND JAUZZIS? A properly maintained swimming pool, disinfected with chlorine, won't do any harm but it might sting. As for jacuzzis, avoid the ones made of wood (Japan). Beware of Turkish baths, saunas etc whilst the piercing is healing - they are nests of microbes. *(Translator's note: my odalisque has often been stared at in the sauna on account of her rings etc but there's never been any trouble, not even when she's been by herself.)*

IS THERE A RISK OF A NAVEL PIERCING BEING REJECTED? The navel is the piercing most susceptible to rejection. Cover it with a bandage or wear loose clothing to avoid trouble.

HOW CAN I TELL A PROFESSIONAL PIERCER FROM AN AMATEUR? We are publishing a list of addresses of bona fide piercers (see below). This should not prevent you from making your own inquiries. Ask questions, ask to watch a piercing. You must feel confident about the piercer who will be advising you on your jewellery, the creams, the necessary care etc. The same applies for tattooers. If you want to do your own piercing yourself, go to Gauntlet or Wildcat (who have a good reputation and some good videos on the subject).

Jürgen Boedt
(based on information received from GAUNTLET,U.S.A.)

LIST OF ADDRESSES

Here is a list of addresses where you can obtain further information. So now you know absolutely everything there is to know about piercing.

BALDOS STUDIO, P O Box 2764, W-5500 Trier, Germany. Extensive range of jewellery. Catalogue DM10.

BODY ART: English magazine dealing with piercing, body modifications, tattooing and body painting. Very nice photos, excellent infor mation, partly in colour. Send £7 to the following address: Publications Ltd., PO Box 32, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, NR29 5RD, England.

BODY ART STUDIO, 201 Two Mile Hill Road, Kingswood, Bristol, England is a studio run by Phil Barry, a well-known personality in the piercing world. Tel: (in UK) 0272 - 603923 or int'l - 44 - 272 - 603923.

BODY MANIPULATIONS, 254 Filmore, San Francisco, CA 94117, USA with a branch at Stromarkt 11, 1012 SW Amsterdam, Netherlands. For the Dutch branch, tel: int'l - 31 - 20 - 6233442. Piercing studio, possibility of other specialities.

BOUTIQUE DANA, Grossackerstrasse 5, 9006 St Gallen, Switzerland. Sells piercing magazines and jewellery.

BOUTIQUE MINUIT, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Brussels, Belgium. Sale of specialist magazines like Body Art, Body Play, Primitives... Also a small range of body jewellery.

CREATIVE ART COLLECTION, 23 Ave Victor Hugo, 1750 Luxemburg. Tel: int'l - 352 - 460550. Sells piercing magazines, videos and body jewellery. Madaleine is a real star in the piercing world, friendly and with a good reputation.

EPPA (European Professional Piercing Association), 201 Two Mile Hill Road, Kingswood, Bristol, England.

ERIK DAKOTA, 803 Pacific Street, Laural, Santa Cruz, California, USA. Tel: (408) - 423 - 3208 for an appointment. Piercing and branding.

FAKIR MUSAFAR, editor of the new magazine **BODY PLAY**, is one of the pioneers of piercing. Sale of piercing jewellery and superb magazines. INSIGHT BOOKS, P O Box 2575, Menlo Park, CA 94026-2575, USA. The magazines Body Play and Modern Primitives cost US$10, indubitably sublime!

FLASH VIDEO, P O Box 410052, San Francisco, CA 94141, USA. Send US$60 for "Primitives", a superb album of photos by Charles Gatewood on the subject of piercing and tattooing. Superb! A limited edition of only 2000 copies, so hurry!

GAUNTLET INC: several boutiques in the USA selling all sorts of jewellery. More interesting is PFIQ (Piercing Fans International Quarterly), the magazine edited by Jim Ward, which is a guide to the piercing world. Superb photos. Piercing is described in detail and illustrated with photos. If you are interested in piercing, it is THE magazine. Send US$15 for their catalogue and the latest magazine to: Gauntlet, 1201 Old County Road, Unit 3, Belmont, CA 94002, USA.

HOLLAND PIERCING CLINIC, P O Box 52, 2150 AB New Vennep, Netherlands. One of the most famous studios. Worth an inquiry (mention SECRET MAGAZINE).

LONDON PIERCING CLINIC has a very good reputation. Tel: 081 - 6567180 or 0860 - 797114 for more information and an appointment.

GUY LEMAIRE, P O Box 441, 4020 Liège 2, Belgium. Piercing expert, information.

MISTER RONALD, Tattooing & Piercing Studio, Kloveniersburgwal 135, 1011 KE Amsterdam, Netherlands. Tel: int'l - 31 - 20 - 6257812.

MULTITEK SERVICES, 4 Victor Road, London NW10 5XD, England. Tel: 081 - 9605759. Sells body jewellery. Send £1 for list.

PIERCING WORLD: English magazine dealing with piercing, tattooing etc. Lots of useful information plus addresses of piercing clinics . PAUK, 153 Tomkinson Road, Nuneaton, Warwickshire CV10 8DP, England. Price £4.

RAELYN GALLINA, P O Box 200348, Oakland, CA 94620, USA. Studio for piercing and other body modifications, such as branding.

RE/SEARCH Publications: edits a book called Modern Primitives which in my opinion is one of the best books on the personalities, history and techniques of piercing. Re/search Publications, 20 Romolo # B, San Francisco, CA 94133, USA. Price US$30.

SILVER ANCHOR Enterprises, 1743 Partridge Bvld, P O Box 760, Crystal Springs, FL 33524-0760, USA. Sale of jewellery. Send US$4 for catalogue.

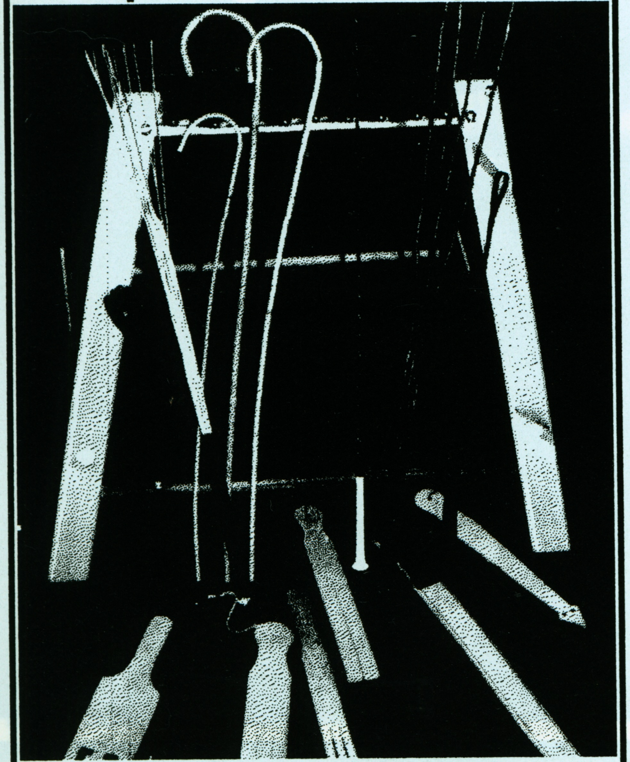
THEO J G HARTKAMP: Tel: int'l - 31 - 20 - 6946981. Piercing in the Netherlands. More than 40 years experience. By appointment only.

WILDCAT INTERNATIONAL, 16 Preston Street, Brighton BN1 2HN, England. Sells vidoes on piercing, tattooing, jewellery and piercing instruments, organizers of the **STAINLESS STEEL BALL** etc. Write, mentioning SECRET MAGAZINE. Remember to enclose an International Reply Coupon (IRC).

WILD BILL & LOVELY LAURA, P O box 2226, Clifton, NJ 07015, USA. Sells jewellery. Send US$4 for catalogue.

* * *

Implements of Discipline



Send £1 / $2 / 3DM for list to:
AE Services, Dept SE, PO Box 94, Sandbach,
Cheshire. CW11 0ZD ENGLAND

FANTASMATIC & FETISH CLUB

A photographer more faithful to **SECRET MAGAZINE** than ever before and probably like you, dear readers, a great consumer of fetishist parties and other crazy nights brought about by our penchant for being able to dress up in our adored, venerated and idolized vinyl or latex, I very rapidly sensed on these many marvellous occasions a huge and pervasive need - like a throbbing obsession dominated by a fetishist ego become to all intents and purposes uncontrollable due to its innate strength - to satisfy my personal fantasies as well as those of others more often, indeed even permanently. How was this to be achieved and other than in the privacy of one's own home? How to respond, to satisfy it and to implement what - unless you are "truly" involved - could be called unmitigated folly? My desire for a result found both a response and a solution to the enigma in founding a **FETISHIST CLUB** which I decided to call the **FANTASMATIC & FETISH CLUB**, in honour of and in the likeness of the unsettling fantasies in my photos. Those who are never tired of black vinyl, are always hungry for the bizarre, are madly in love with rubber, are thirsty for patent leather or are irresistably passionate about leatherette, plastic and oilskins, discerning investigators, always on the lookout for a chance just to look at, to smell, to touch, to rub, to stroke, to caress the poor lacquered woman or the priviliged article of clothing... in short, and as its name indicates, this new club (private mind you) reserves the right to open its doors solely to **EVERYONE** (MALE or FEMALE) who is an enthusiast, user or (in the strictest sense of the word) **FETISHIST** of the divine materials. In complete respect for self and others, all member will be made welcome and treated according to their tastes, both then and during a preliminary period of meetings and reunions. The club will acquire permanent premises when there is a significant increase in the number of members. I celebrated the creation of the FANTASTIC & FETISH CLUB in a worthy manner by organizing a grand fetishist party, "LA NUIT FANTASMATIQUE 1", in the " Cinq Etoiles" disco. I almost forgot... dare I ask our favourite fetishist magazine to sponsor the FANTASMATIC & FETISH CLUB? To be continued.

Jacques LEURQUIN

All inquiries:
P O Box 184
5000 Namur 1
Belgium.

LARME BLANCHE

GILLES BERQUET

Paris, city of eroticism, city of art amd museums, is no longer what it was, say lots of people, completely ignoring the few artists who are struggling to succeed and to escape from this mass of greyness and concrete. In general, these artists remain in their holes, lost holes, ignored by the outside world, unless, one day, someone notices some photos, a painting, a sketch, and... BINGO!! Gilles Berquet's story probably didn't unfold like that, but this artist has emerged from obscurity. A great interpreter of singlar sensations, a little perverse, but certainly gifted, he succeeds in enriching our fantasy world. The plates we're showing you here are from the magnificent book "LARME BLANCHE" (White Tear) which was published by Editions Astarté to mark the October 92 exhibition at the "LES LARMES D'EROS" art gallery. Personally, I am a devoted fan of fetish/SM art and a fan of Gilles Berquet. It is a real honour for SECRET to welcome such a talent. These photos reflect EVERYTHING which we experience so intensely, as well as the idea and the tone of our magazine. Thanks, Gilles!

LARME BLANCHE is on sale at Les Larmes d'Eros, 58 Rue Amelot, 75011 Paris, France and at Boutique Minuit, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Bruxelles, Belgium. Price: FF 120/ BF 750.

J.B.

LES TROIS MOUSQUETONS

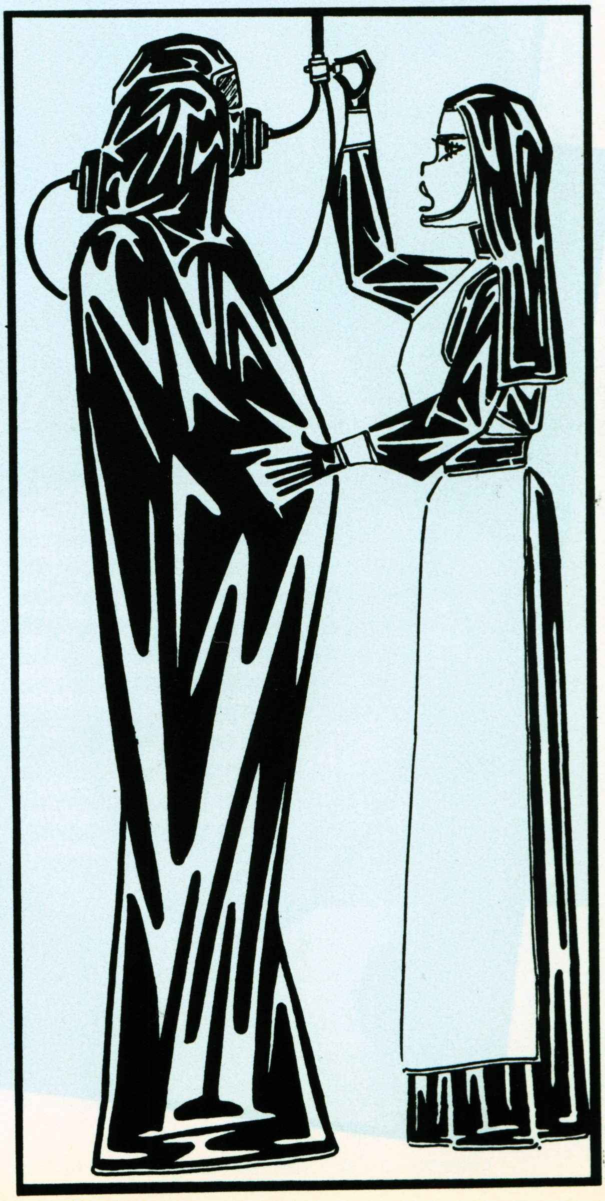
Les Trois Mousquetons toour the world, always on the lookout for new sensations. Fuelled by strong emotions, they do not baulk at any opportunity. Incognito, they go to the strangest places in search of each and every new SM personality. This particular evening they discovered a marvellous little bum, completely encased in leather, which was jiggling to the sound of the hectic music in the COP ACABANA dance hall (no, it isn't the latest "in" place for dress-coders!). It was the venue chosen by **Dirk de Kegel** (of VVSM) for organizing one of his kinky parties, called **"Scandal Moments"** this time. Lets get back to that little bum which, after 45 mins on roads winding across the Low Country, landed in front of a huge door in the middle of nowhere. Ring, ring (and again ring, ring). Finally, open Sesame and our heroine wiggled her way into the world of dress code. Under the spell of his magic wand/crop, Dirk gave the music a bit of tempo. What would otherwise have been the corniest party of the year (the venue, dear friends...), ended up being a great success, thanks to the stupendous efforts by one and all to warm the party up. Three ravishing, dominant-looking young women very soon led Little Bum along a maze of stairs to a large, previously unoccupied room. There they tied her on to a low table. The public came running at the sound of the beautiful captive's plaintive but grateful groans. The three dominatrices gave her a punishment which she and the spectators still remember...

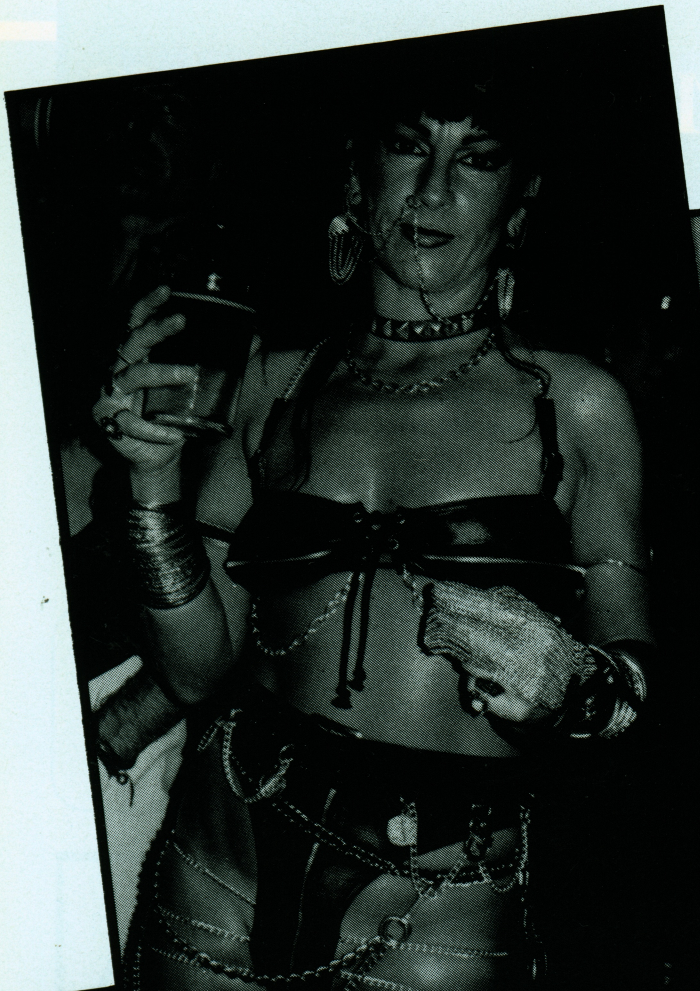
Brussels - the Capital of Europe, ideally located (geographically speaking) and with an electrifying nature thanks to its fetishist attractions - was the perfect city in which to organize the Moda-Moda party, under the auspices of B. Schol and Jennifer C. and warmly recommended by "Sentiment Moderne". In short, it ought to have been a must for the Belgian scene... Despite their best efforts, the vibes given off by the Mousquetons alone were not enough to galvanize the enthusiasm of souls desperately in need of perversions. **The party was a total flop.** The Vaudeville was three-quarters empty, the spectacles which had been announced were conspicuous by their absence, no games in the hall etc. Conclusion: one forewarned Mousquetôn is as good as two forearmed (translation for those who wouldn't otherwise understand: when going to a fetishist party, inform yourself before you leave).

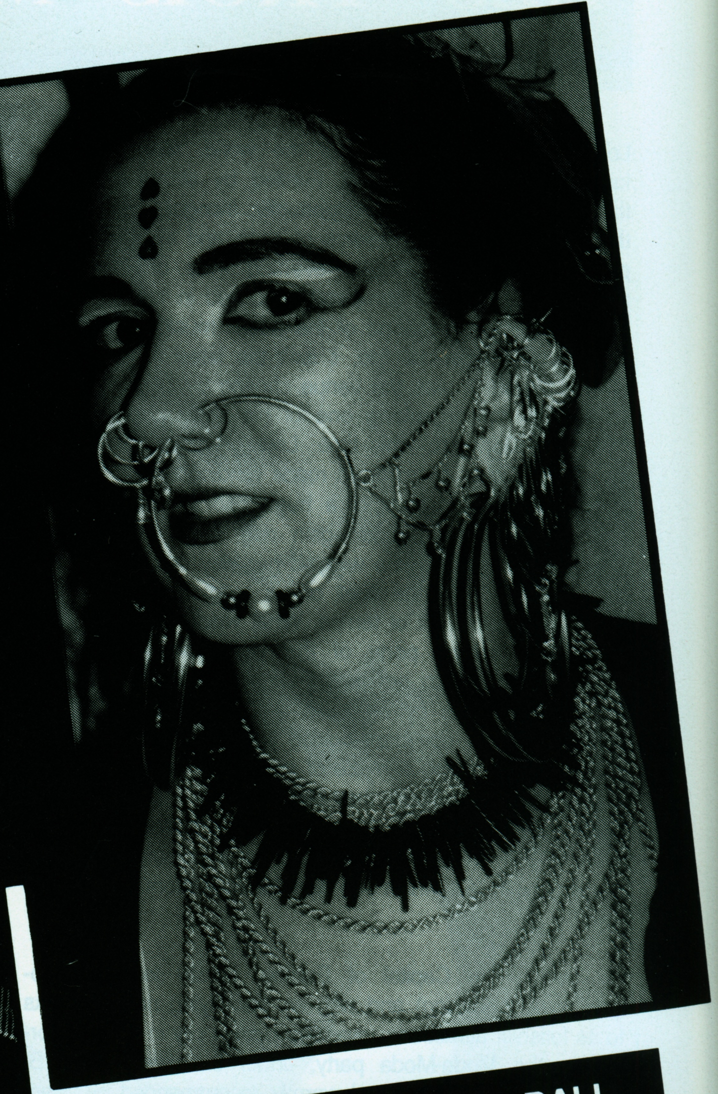
The Zoo in Amsterdam was the venue of **DEMASK's** umpteenth megaparty. Nearly 1000 fetishists of all sorts made their way there, coming from the four corners of the earth, and each one lavishing a very particular effort on his/her look. The spectacle was, as always, a credit to the organizer, **Steve English**, who for the occasion had brought together **MURAY & VERN's** rubber models, the atomic dancers from the **TERMINATRIX Show by "O"** and his very own creations. The spectacle was not only good, it was also throughout the hall, but especially in the Flamingo Room - where visiting cards and whiplashes were exchanged. Towards three o'clock in the morning the third of those present who had been personally chosen by Steve moved on to the Private Party (somewhere in Amsterdam's dockland, at the venue where the same organisation holds its regular "kinky parties"). And as it was "private, we'll keep it that way...See you soon.

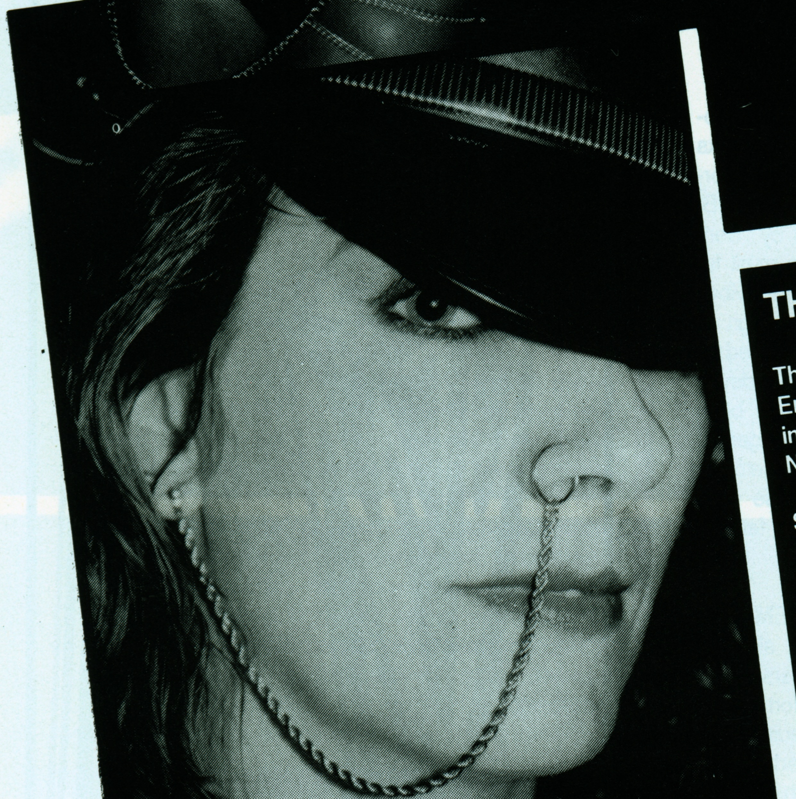
Les Trois Mousquetons

As this magazine is a translation of our french edition, these parties took place last year. We tought however that the spirit of our ladies was worth publishing. Since then, an other DeMask Party has been organised.









THE STAINLESS STEEL BALL

The phenomenon of fetishist parties is proper to England. Now there are also small parties for piercing fans. They are organized by WILDCAT INTERNATIONAL.

Several times a year, its members gather to talk, to show each other their latest piercings, to dance and to enjoy themselves with others who share the same secret garden. As you can see from the photos, the atmosphere is warm but very relaxed. If you want to attend or obtain more information, please write to: Wildcat International, 16 Preston Street, Brighton, East Suss ex BN1 2HN, England.
Tel: 0273 - 23758

THE TORTURE GARDEN.

Copyright photos : Andrew Cunnington.

THE TORTURE GARDEN

The second anniversary of TORTURE GARDEN was celebrated in great style with an extraordinary gathering of over 700 people and super shows by Julian Latorre, Murray & Vern, The Corsettes, Dane, Transvestite Overdose and Salon Kitty. But the undisputed attraction was "special live piercing" accompanied by fire-eaters, tribal drums and bondage etc. TORTURE GARDEN's parties are always a great success. And everyone who went to this extraordinary event was in "fetishist" or "bizarre" dress. To go to one of their parties you must be a member of the club and be dressed "techno". A video of their latest show is available. For more information: The Torture Garden, London WC1N 3XX, England.

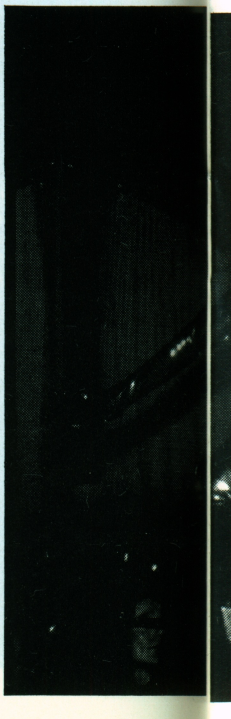
Jürgen Boedt

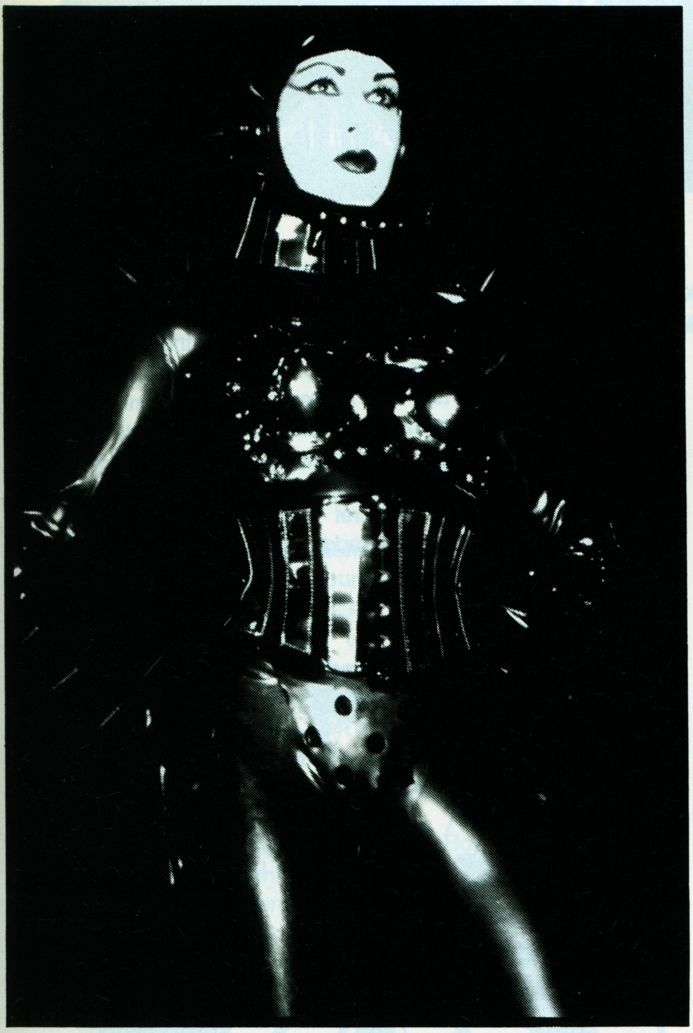
REPORT BEWITCHED PARTY

Demonstration of domination

You've got beautiful eyes, you know...

The Fly, part 3





Terminatrix, woman of the year 1990

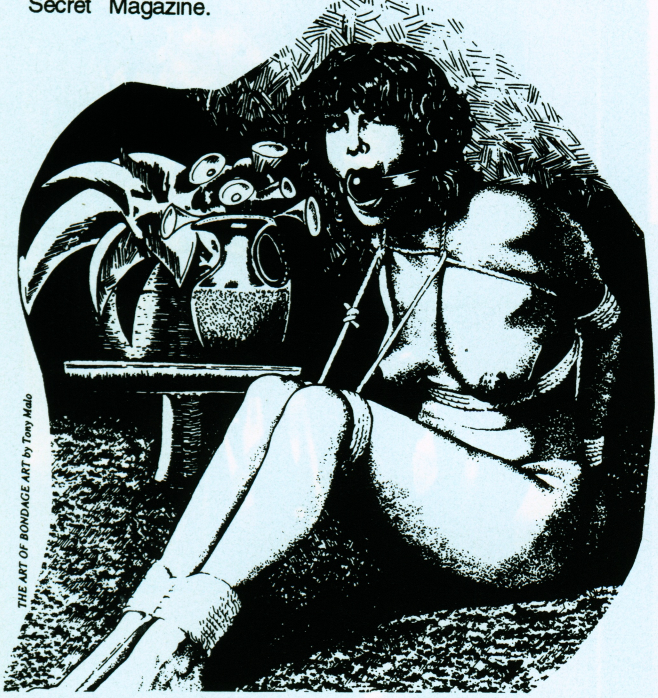
Extravagant parade by DeMask

The evening's King and Queen

A video of the party is available from Boutique MINUIT, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Bruxelles, Belgium. Tel: int'l - 32 - 2 - 2230914

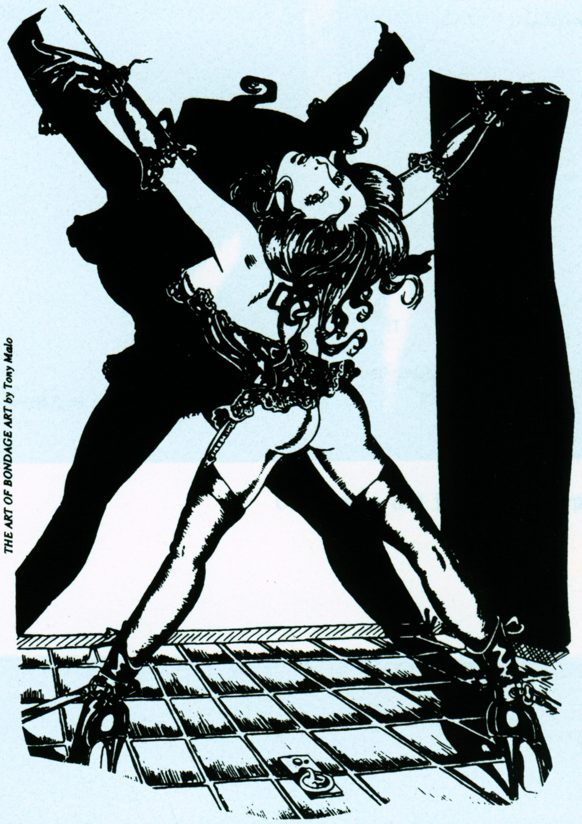
ENGLISH BONDAGE SEXPORTS IN MAGAZINES

England is definitely waking up at the level of bondage publications. Three of them caught my eye: **"Pleasure Bound"** (see the interview and portfolio elsewhere in this issue) will in future be bimonthly. It no longer has the same appeal to collectors as in the past. As a matter of fact, several factors have combined to ensure that I no longer wait for it with quite the same impatience as before. First of all, the need to produce the same number of texts and photos every month reduces the impact of each issue. And the new layout, very commercial though it is, no longer has the same class. A black drawing on a yellow background has replaced the romantic, inset sepia photo. And as Pleasure Bound is not actually for free, our annual budget for reading material is up, very seriously. Finally and most important, two months isn't long enough to read and admire the magazine from cover to cover, in consequence of which you lose this frustrating but marvellous feeling of expectation which used to precede each new issue. This doesn't stop us from being fond of Terry Wakelin and Tony Malo, these gentle swashbucklers of SM publishing and nor indeed does it stop Pleasure Bound from being **an absolute must for all self-respecting bondage enthusiasts**. The best. Available from your usual stockist or from Olympia Press International Ltd, Old Station Road, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, PO38 1RZ, England, with the compliments of Secret Magazine.



THE ART OF BONDAGE ART by Tony Malo

"Fantasy of Gord", equally very British, is only on its second edition but already has all the ingredients necessary to gain the affection of bondagers of all hues. Published by the **House of Gord** and associated with Fesseln Fashions, a manufacturer "who specializes in the impossible", Fantasy of Gord is a veritable **mine of original ideas**, from wrapping in cellophane to techniques for horizontal suspension. Weak points: the drawings are under par and the whole thing is still very amateurishly made (the first issue was photo copied). But the quality of the texts, the instructions and the photos is unequalled. The mix of the serious and the humerous is also particularly appreciated. The magazine appeals to "rope artistes". If you can't find it at your usual stockist, write to: H G Publications, P O Box 27, Welshpool SY21 0ZZ, Wales with the compliments of Secret Magazine. Fesseln Fashions hangs out at the same address.



THE ART OF BONDAGE ART by Tony Malo

Back to Pleasure Bound, which publishes **"The Art Of Bondage Art"**, a work unique of its kind - and every page is enthralling. Tony Malo, the magazine's in-house illustrator, offers us a historical overdose of bondage. It starts with a portrait (without illustrations) of John Willie and continues with a homage to several great artists: The Bishop, Gene Bilbrew (alias Eneg), Bill Ward, Ashley, Eric Stanton, Jim and Saudelli. The author has redrawn their works whilst respecting the original ambience and has written notes of explanation for them all which reveal an unequalled passion for the masters who have inspired him. The first few pages are reserved for original drawings by Malo, some of which have already seen the light of day in Pleasure Bound. You can obtain this masterpiece (unfortunately published as a de luxe magazine rather than as a hardback) from stockists of Pleasure Bound or from the same address as the magazine.

Vincent Mikrou

TERRY WAKELIN

An exclusive interview with the founder of Pleasure Bound

A dream came true when we landed on the Isle of Wight. We discovered the birthplace of the only true European bondage magazine, had an exclusive interview with Terry Wakelin and (supreme bliss!) were invited to rummage through his unpublished photos...

SM: Terry Wakelin, why a bondage magazine?
TW: Easy. I adore bondage, it's my trip.

SM: What bondage, fetishist or SM elements are discernible in Pleasure Bound?
TW: That's a difficult question. Although it's its main topic, Pleasure Bound doesn't only contain bondage. It also tends towards CP (corporal punishment). Slavery, which isn't really part of bondage in the strict sense, tends more towards sub/dom. We don't pay attention to SM fashion, essentially because I prefer my women naked. The word "fetishism" has nothing in common with Pleasure Bound.

SM: How did you start Pleasure Bound?
TW: I started by writing two books, "Submission" and "Pony Girls". We sold them in an amateurish way, advertising in national magazines. Pleasure Bound followed from that. Rather than bring out a book regularly - because I can't write a new one every month - I started the magazine. That was in 1988.

SM: Which other magazines inspired you?
TW: Above all the first American magazines of the 50s and 60s, "Bound to Please", the publications by the Nutrix Corporation, some things from the House of Milan which came a bit later. Essentially the American publications available to the British public. I also liked the Penthouse formula because it gave a lot of attention to readers' letters. I based my layout on Penthouse's as well. I also added personal ads. I wasn't certain of success at the start, but it's going well because we're specialized. Lots of stories, lots of photos. Not as many as in the pornographic magazines, although photography is an important asset. Also lots of photos of readers' wives, or rather readers' partners, because we have photos of men, too.

SM: In what context did you replace the name "Stag Projects" by that of "Olympia Press"?
TW: Olympia Press ceased to exist several years ago. I adored their novels. Twenty or twenty-five years ago, Olympia Press was the most important British publisher of eroticism. A large percentage of their production was inclined towards SM. I registered the name because it was available, nobody was using it any more. I hope that by doing that I shall be able to reproduce their first publications when the rights no longer belong to anyone. I know that a large number of those books weren't protected in any way. If nobody else wants to do it, well it will be me who brings them out again.

SM: Which current magazines do you admire?
TW: "Bondage Life" is probably the best bondage magazine in the world. The Americans are better than anyone in Europe. They must have fifty different titles. They discovered an enormous market before the authorities realized what was going on. Our biggest problem in Europe is advertising, how to make our publications known. Some advertising media accepted our ads openly enough. We had a very healthy commercial relationship with them until the police approached them in the course of an inquiry. Suddenly, our publications were no longer welcome...

SM: You were the only ones to suffer from this exclusion...
TW: Don't forget that we're the only British bondage magazine.

SM: How do advertise now?
TW: We don't any more. Except on the chat (ie telephone sex) lines, that's very recent. In exchange for reading our books on their chat lines or for giving their numbers in our magazines, I get their address lists. Our mailing list has jumped from 5000 to 6000 names in three or four months. I hope that continues. But it's very difficult.

SM: But you can advertise in fetishist magazines like "Skin Two"...
TW: Shiny won't take our ads. Tim Woodward (Skin Two) accepted our ads up till two years ago. I ought to ask him if he's ready to start again. When the police were inquiring about us, we were persona non grata with nearly all the fetishist organisations in the country. Nobody wanted to be implicated. They all had something to lose, which I can understand perfectly.

SM: They were afraid of going down with you?
TW: I think ultimately that it would have been in their own interests to help us. Beat the authorities at their own game. In fact, we beat them anyway. We beat them thanks to a massive financial contribution from our own readers. We asked them for money because the costs of justice are enormous in this country. The trial was over after a ten minute hearing, due to lack of evidence.

SM: How can there be a lack of proof when they're attacking a printed magazine?

TW: They weren't indicting a magazine. They were attacking the two directors of a registered company. There were two charges, the video and the magazines. As far as the magazines are concerned, that was "Pleasure Bound" 1, 2, 3 and 4 as well as another bondage magazine "Julie's Bondage Ordeal". So there were five magazines and a number of videos. But we weren't implicated in the making of videos. We're magazine people and we want to stay that way. When we found out that another director of our company was making videos, we sacked him. All that the authorities had against us was insinuation: we think that they thought that it seemed that... They spent £ 260 000, used all the police forces in the United Kingdom, assembled 160 statements, involved the Dutch police, the British banking system and Interpol. If we'd been guilty, we'd be in prison. No doubt about that. After two-and-a-half years of harassment, we finally arrived in court - where their case collapsed in ten minutes.

SM: But isn't this a case which will help all editors like you to prove that their magazines are legal?

TW: First I'll tell you why we did it. When we started, we were amateurs in a professional world. Very quickly, we were alone in the world. We adored our little workshop. Once we had been charged, we very quickly turned stubborn as we didn't want to stop what we had started and because we thought that the situation was unacceptable. We wanted to bring this charge up before a jury at a proper trial. *(Translator's note: In the UK, the usual way of dealing with supposedly indecent material is for the police to confiscate it and then destroy it on the orders of a magistrate. Most people don't fight the order because of the publicity involved and because legal proceedings are extremely expensive. Although the accused might well be found not guilty, they might nevertheless still have to pay the court costs - which can run into tens of thousands of pounds. Effectively the accused are often intimidated by an antiquated legal system).* By dropping the charges before a jury was sworn in, the authorities didn't give us the this satisfaction. So we are still at this dark frontier where nobody is able to say if what we are doing is, legally speaking, obscene or not. So they've artificially kept the SM scene in disrepute.

SM: Weren't you afraid of cracking up when they were constantly persecuting you?

TW: They didn't take into account (a) that we would be so stubborn and (b) that they wouldn't find hundreds of video copiers running. They had an image of what we must be and they were wrong. And neither were they expecting to see our customers help us financially. They didn't attack two people, but a community of 5000 people, some of them very rich people. So we aren't this seedy little publishing company that they thought they were dealing with.

SM: You also distributed the magazine Cul d'Or. Can you tell us about it?

TW: In the beginning I wanted to help them get started. After two issues, I gave them their freedom. I think that they're currently published by the magazine Janus. Their work is very polished, the fiction is excellent. But I must confess that backsides are not my cup of tea. Caning and spanking are not my trip. It doesn't do anything for me. And you can't vary the photos much. Look, that scene has as many difficulties as the bondage scene, if not more. It's neither easy to sell nor easy to publicize through advertising.

SM: That's strange because historically corporal punishment (CP) - even more than bondage - is part of British upbringing. Why do they have more problems than you?

TW: It's an aspect of this hypocritical British attitude, this way of approaching every aspect of sex life. It's something that isn't talked about in public, it has to be swept under the carpet, you see.

SM: Do you think it will change one day?

TW: The new world of mass communication - the way in which people communicate directly with one another right round the globe - will help to a certain extent. People are more educated, they're not just sheep like before.

SM: How many British people practice bondage, in your opinion?

TW: I haven't the slightest idea. All I can tell you it that when we started to advertise we had an incredible number of replies. There must be enormous interest out there. People haven't exactly got much chance of knowing, or of finding out for themselves, where to go. I'm certain that a large number of people make their own gear. SM is an important part of our civilized society, but it's underground. It's been relegated to secrecy because lots of people who are part of it won't say so in public. Lots don't even want their names on a mailing list.

SM: And yet it's growing, at least on the Continent.

TW: Here as well, but not as fast. It's curbed by the hostile attitude of the authorities, by the fact that they control the media. The authorities are responsible for the fact that I can't advertise. It isn't the medias' fault. The editor would like to get my money, but he gets the impression that he cannot accept it for fear of upsetting someone in authority. Nothing official. There is no legal description of what you can or cannot do in the sex industry in this country. It's just a widely accepted thing that SM and bondage are not particularly acceptable.

SM: The British fetishist and bondage magazines are full of photos taken outdoors. This seems to be peculiar to the British mentality. What do you think about it?

TW: It's an expression of revolt against repression, against the way we were brought up. I don't think that it's as widespread among the younger generation. Exhibitionism is opposed to the liking for hiding oneself in one's corner. I adore making love, I adore showing off my wife in public places, I like the slight risk of being caught. It's probably a question of adrenalin. I adore tying her up in the passenger seat of my car.

SM: Is it easy to find models for Pleasure Bound?

TW: Oh, very easy. Very, very easy. At the end of the day, we treat all our models like princesses. They all want to be photographed in one way or another. They're not bashful about taking their clothes off. I place a personal ad as if I'm a men's magazine. I don't mention bondage until the interview. I've only had one refusal, and that was a girl who had been abused by a man when she was young. We treat them with a lot of respect. So we get excellent results. We've photographed 50 or 60 models up to now.

SM: How far back do you have to go in time to find elements of bondage in literature?
TW: Erotic bondage and corporal punishment are closely linked. A large number of corporal punishments in the Victorian era included tying the girl down. That goes back to the beginning of the 1800s and, believe it or not, most of the photos of the time weren't British. They were taken in Germany and in France. I haven't thought a lot about it. Like most people, I thought that bondage started when I discovered it myself. I didn't ask whether it had already existed 500 years ago or more.

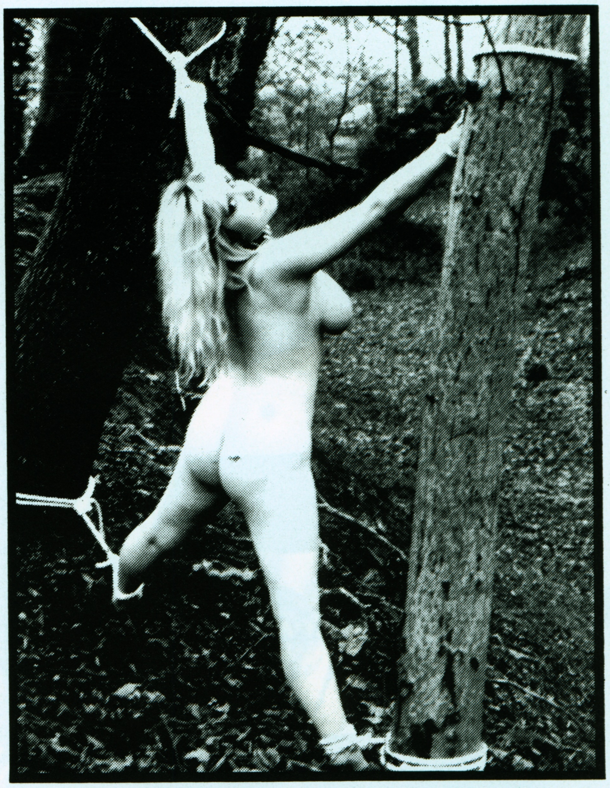
SM: What advice would you give to bondage fans?
TW: Always think about safety. Always! Think about everything that could go wrong. Never fasten anything round the neck. When you've got someone at your mercy, remember that you are totally responsible for them. Never leave them alone. Never leave them in a position which could hurt them. Look your responsibilities in the face. They're the basic elements, I think.

Terry Wakelin told us a lot of genuine anecdotes. Here are three, illustrated by photos taken at the time.

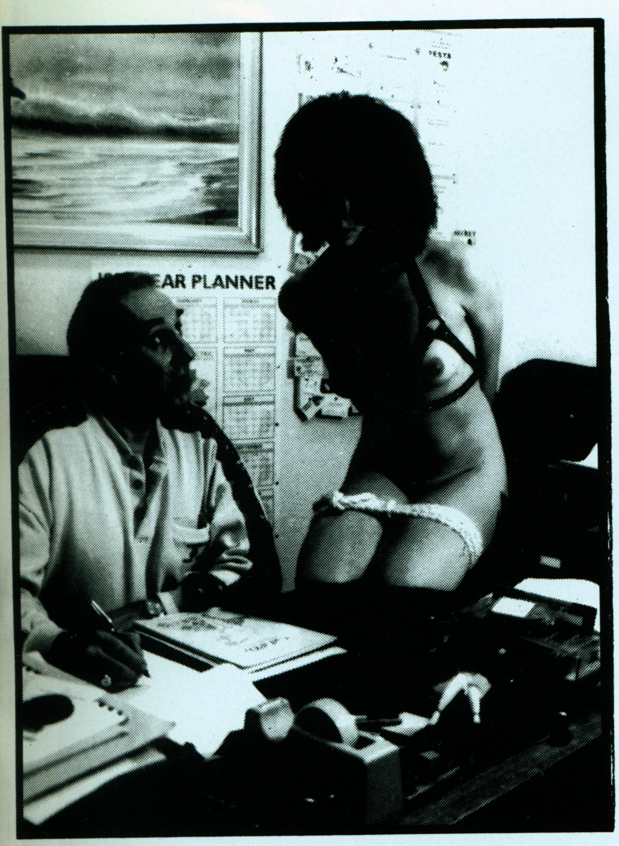
Julie and the Jaguar... that was really crazy. Julie was tied to the Jaguar in a really revealing position. Too late I noticed a couple walking in the countryside, so I continued my photo session as if nothing was the matter. The man stopped, facing the car, a few paces away from Julie, who was waiting with her legs spread wide apart. He smiled at me and said "what a nice day for that sort of thing" and the couple continued its walk, talking blithely. I was very encouraged by that, as I thought that very few people would actually go and complain to the police after having seen a girl who was so obviously enjoying herself like that.

* * *

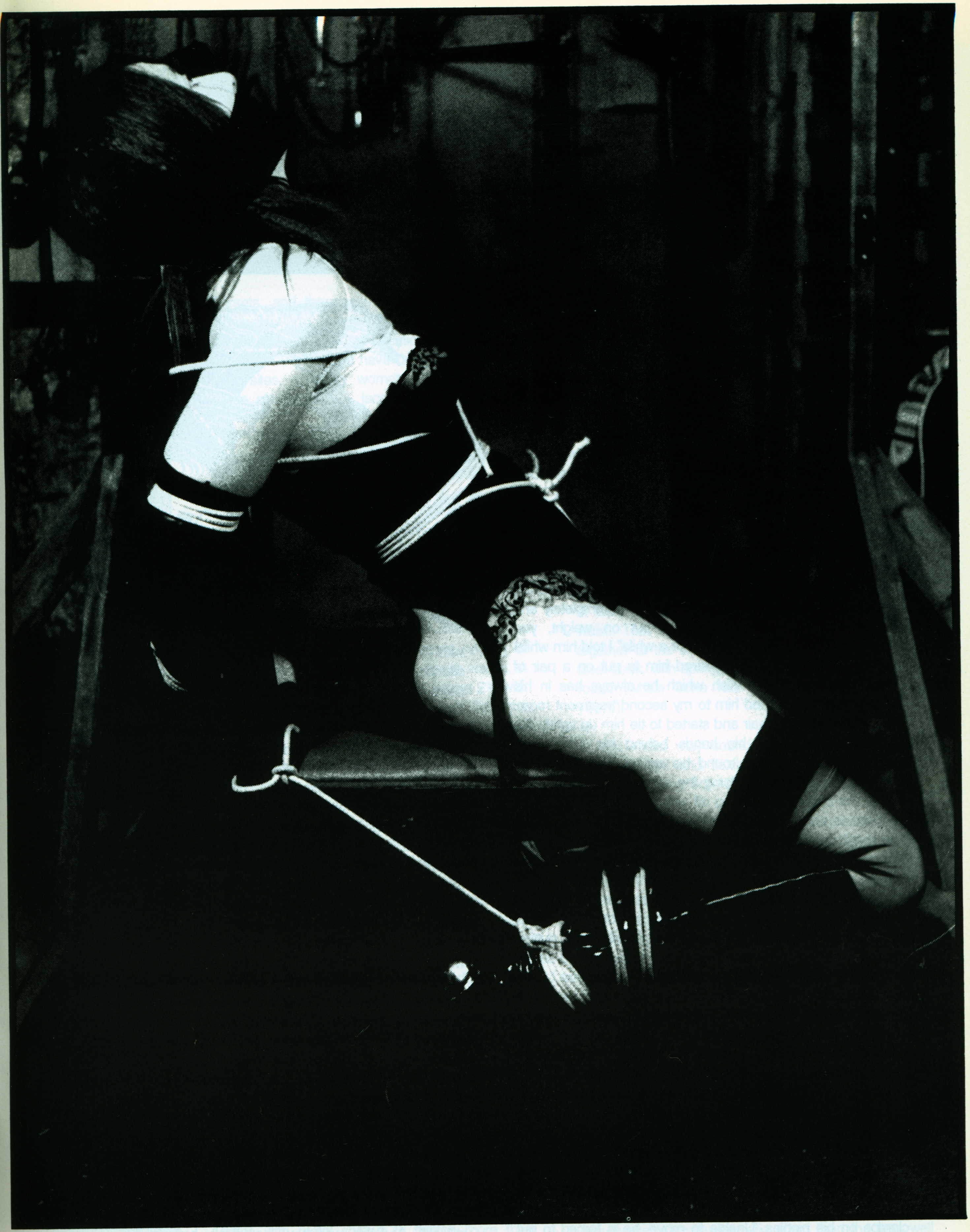
Samantha was tied between two trees in a wood at the top of a small hill, from where it was possible to see my Jaguar down below at the side of the road. I was in the process of preparing my shots when the girl said "wait, someone's messing about with your car". As a matter of fact, a chap was trying to open the doors and the boot. So I thought "what am I going to do now, with this girl all tied up here, and my precious Jaguar down there". I left the girl and ran towards the car. It's an indication that things can go wrong.



You always have to be very careful, above all when you're doing something outdoors. Do you want to hear about the one on the beach? Nicki was tied to a rock on the beach, she was magnificent. I was concentrating very , very hard on my photos. After five minutes or so, I heard a noise. There were 30 or 40 of them, a whole crowd of Japanese with cameras, come down from the coach park at the top of the cliff. They were all taking photos of poor little Nicki as souvenirs of their holiday.


EAR PLANNER

Terry Wakelin in his office with Tania in bondage.



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The English edition is now a quarterly magazine for fetishists & SM lovers made by fetishists and SM lovers. Our aim is not commercial but to satisfy the needs of a minority of readers, those who are indeed into the scene and not only dreaming about it.

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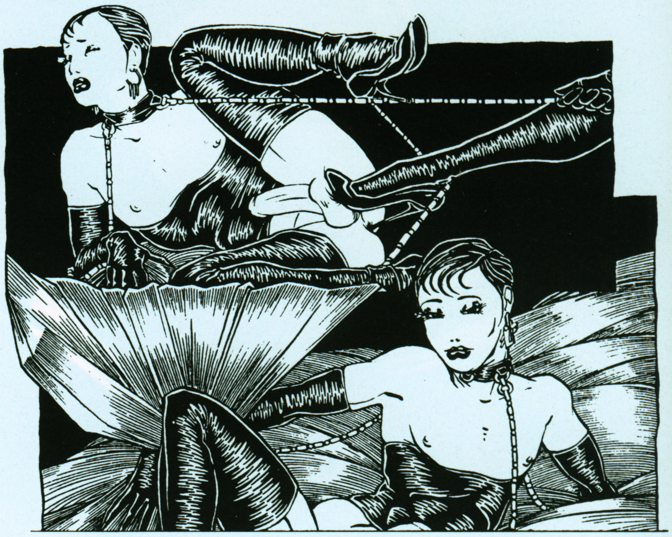
LATEX RASCAL

by MISTRESS ROXANNE



Michael Manning

I've known the slave Latex Rascal for nearly four years. In that time we have taken to meeting very regularly at my place, for sessions where he comes to be submissive. We often have long, friendly conversations before beginning the sessions. Then the moment arrives when the slave has to bow to the authority of the Mistress. Our games often involve latex, rubber or plastic, the Latex Rascal's favourite materials. On one particular occasion, I fancied wearing a one-piece, shiny catsuit, held in at the waist by a wide belt, and high-heeled thigh boots. From time to time the Latex Rascal affects an air of detachment, sometimes even of irony, to mask his unrest. So it's up to me to impose an attitude of deference towards his Mistress and to take all appropriate measures to achieve this end, by physical means if necessary. At his last visit, after having chatted with him for a moment, I made him strip off completely and proceeded to inspect him: "You've put on weight, you rascal, you'll have to go on a diet for a while" I told him whilst pinching his flabby belly. I ordered him to put on a pair of baby's plastic pants, a fetish which he always has in his jacket pocket. Then I led him to my second treatment room. I made him sit on a chair and started to tie him up tightly like a sausage, first tying his hands behind his back, then wrapping my rope twice round his ankles before securing it with a seaman's knot, doing the same at the knees, the thighs, the belly and finishing off with his arms which I kept as close to one another as possible, almost breaking them. The magic moment arrived when I put a rubber hood on him (bought at Boutique MINUIT, like many other of my accessories), which completely enclosed his face and only allowed him to breathe through a rubber tube ending in a mouthpiece clamped between his teeth. I adore this hood, which allows me to control my slaves' breathing by putting my finger on the free end of the rubber tube so as to cut off their supply of air for a few moments. When I do that I have the satisfaction of seeing the slave twisting and turning in his ropes, trying desperately to get some air in the rubber hood, which is beginning to stick to his cheeks. And so for a few seconds I enjoy the power which I have over the slave at that moment and then I take my finger off and let him start breathing again, greedily. Hogtied by the rope, blinded and suffocated by the hood, my subject experiences a feeling of total dependence on his Mistress thanks to which he is going to abandon himself to the most perfect submission. But the effect is immediately obvious because I can see the Latex Rascal's cock straightening up, until it gets stiff and hard. I take advantage of the slave's excitement to put two clamps on his nipples. Unable to move, he is forced to put up with this, without being able to defend himself. With his mouth enclosed in the hood, he can't even utter a protest, other than muffled groans. I hold a vibrator to the tip of his knob and begin to massage him gently until he is on the point of coming. The slave soon reached a peak of excitement. I know that when he is in this state I can do what I want with him. So I ground his nipples, already squeezed by the clamps, with the tip of my vibrator. The pain became much more intense and drew a grunt from the Latex Rascal. I hung some weights from the clamps so as to stretch his nipples some more and kept on torturing his nipples for a long time by turning up the vibrator until the slave groaned - but without losing his hard-on. When I had amused myself enough with this excercise I untied the Latex Rascal, though I left the clamps on him, imprisoned his wrists in leather cuffs and strung him up by his hands from a pulley. I pulled on the pulley until he was standing on tiptoe. I made him put his feet together and then began to tie him up in a rather special way, rolling strips of cellophane round his body, from his ankles to the ends of his arms which were stretched up towards the ceiling until the Latex Rascal was completely covered in cellophane. I only left an opening where his mouth was to take the rubber tube from the hood. I whipped him on his plump bum at my leisure. His skin protected by the cellophane, there was no risk of him being marked by the whip, which could have caused him problems with his girl-friend, who was not aware of his masochism and his visits to me. Having thoroughly reddened him, I started to tie up his cock and balls tightly so that the skin of his sack was well stretched. Once I had achieved the desired effect, I placed a ring of small clamps around his balls, making him jump every time I added one. I then proceeded to live out my fantasy and torment the slave's nipples the same way and by using the tube from the hood to stop him breathing. From time to time I excited him by placing the vibrator against the tip of his cock, which was still stiff. And this was how I gradually brought him to an orgasm, when I estimated that I had tortured him enough. After all, a really submissive slave deserves a reward for having suffered so much, doesn't he?

Mistress Roxanne

STRAIGHTJACKET OF ALL TRADES.

Corsets, and the desire they meet, to reduce the waist and exagerate the body's natural curves, are as old as civilisation itself. Drawing over 20.000 years old have been found at Neolithic sites, showing women wearing bodices made of animal skin, laced down the front.

The Romans used tight lacing as a form of domination over slaves to show their subjugation in contrast to the loose robes of their masters and mistresses.

In the 15th century, the hour glass figure was fashionable with both sexes; Henry III of France had a tiny waist which was the envy of the court and his mother, Catherine de Medicis, imposed a 13 inch limit on her ladies and their maids.

The 19th century saw the last great heyday of the corset, with the fashion for minute waists. A girl's ambition was to be married before 21, with a waist measurement in inches less than the years of her age.

Corsets were laced so tightly that women regularly fainted, reinforcing the popular image of the female as a fragile creature. Even when sleeping, they did not escape, as a nighttime model would often be worm, to maintain the waist reduction achieved during the day.

For the English Victorians, with their repressed sensuality, there was more to all this masochism than more fashion; in 1870, a reader of "The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine" naively wrote that "tight lacing produces delicious sensations, half pleasure, half pain". In an age of heightened prudery, the corset was in fact a socially acceptable method of self titillation !

It was also an acceptable method of torture; many of the trapping of this obsession would not be out of place in a modern dungeon; young women would hang onto an overhead bar while mother and maid hauled on the laces; an especially long and tight corset was a favorite method of disciplining naughty girls, sometimes with metal screws to tighten more than was possible with laces; a needle might be placed in a schoolgirl's busk to improve posture - any drooping of the head would result in a sharp prick to the chin!

The fad for tiny waists gradually disappeared around the First World War, and was replaced by a more natural figure and less restrictive underwear, mirroring women's growing emancipation.

In our own generation, until Madonna strode onto stage in Jean-Paul Gaultier's cone cupped creation, most people probably thought the only corset wearers left were old ladies. But the fetish fraternity never stopped buying them because they knew that a corset has all sorts of erotic uses - a sort of straightjacket of all trades - and is an essential item in any self respecting sexual sophisticate's wardrobe.

A proper corset is completely different from a basque or waspie, neither of which are designed to pull in the waist. The real thing comes in two halves, laces together at the back and fastenig at the front with a steel busk, with springy spirals in the lining all the way round (whale bone has not been used for many years).

All this metal may sound cumbersome, but today's style are light and flexible and surprisingly comfortable, depending how tightly you lace then.

Being put into a corset can be an exquisitely sensual experience; the laces slide across your back as they are pulled gradually in from the top and bottom towards the middle, rather like ice skating boots, and the sensation is of being embraced tighter and tighter. You don't have to pull into a Scarlett O'Hara 18 inches - you may be content with the corset just hugging you ou you can lace down to an iron grip. It is usually best to buy a size up to four inches smaller than your natural waist measurement to ensure a snug fit all over. A corset should mould itself to your body after you have worn it a few times.

There are many different types of corset, not all of which suit everybody or ever purpose. Corset maker Michael Hammond advises his clients to be realistic about their figures and to think how they want to wear their corset before choosing a style.

"Cup size doesn't matter as a corset laces in to the individual shape, but naturally curvy women will obviously get a more dramatic effect than the less well endowed", he explains. "On the other hand, men who want a more feminine outline would probably get the right proportions from a model which comes under the breasts, conbined with a bra with fillers".

First time wearers are usually surprised and delighted when they look in the mirror; corsets enhance any woman's body, whether she is generously curvy or straight up and down, giving not just a smaller waist, but fuller breast and hips which swell out provocatively. The sexual parts are very much on display which gives a feeling on intense feminity.

This may be why corsets have always been popular with transvestites, as they can instantly acquire a curvier, more convincting feminine line under their clothes, without awkward padding. Corsets feature frequently in cross dressing fiction and the popular TV fantasy of being forced into frocks is enhanced by being tightly laced.

Bondage fans will also love that sensation of constriction and will make the most of the long laces, which are perfect for attaching the wearer to a bed or table, tying the hands together or binding their arms to their sides. Why not try one of the extra long styles, which reach from chest to knees, forcing the legs tightly together and making it almost impossible even to hobble.

There is also a lot of scope for domination games; apart from the bondage angle, there is nothing like lacing someone tightly to emphasise your control over them and the long loops are a convenient alternative to the collar and lead for pulling them around. The bottom is left bare, so you can keep your slave dressed in their corset and still bend them over for a spanking - and of course, the genitals are uncovered as well, ready for display, punishment or sexual service! you could order your slave to wear their corset under their normal work clothes, as a mild prenance and an unseen but effective reminder of their submissive state.

A tightly laces corset is not just the preserve of slaves - mistresses will also enjoy the way it enhances their bodies, making them even more sexually attractive while at the same time the upright, unyielding posture reinforces their autority and inaccessibility.

These are just a few ways corsets can be used to enhance your fun -Secret readers will easily imagine others; restricting your waist won't restrict your imagination.

Diane Hasnip

Guy Griffiths England

Guy Griffiths England

Secret Magazine is a quarterly magazine edited by Sprl Glitter.

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Information :

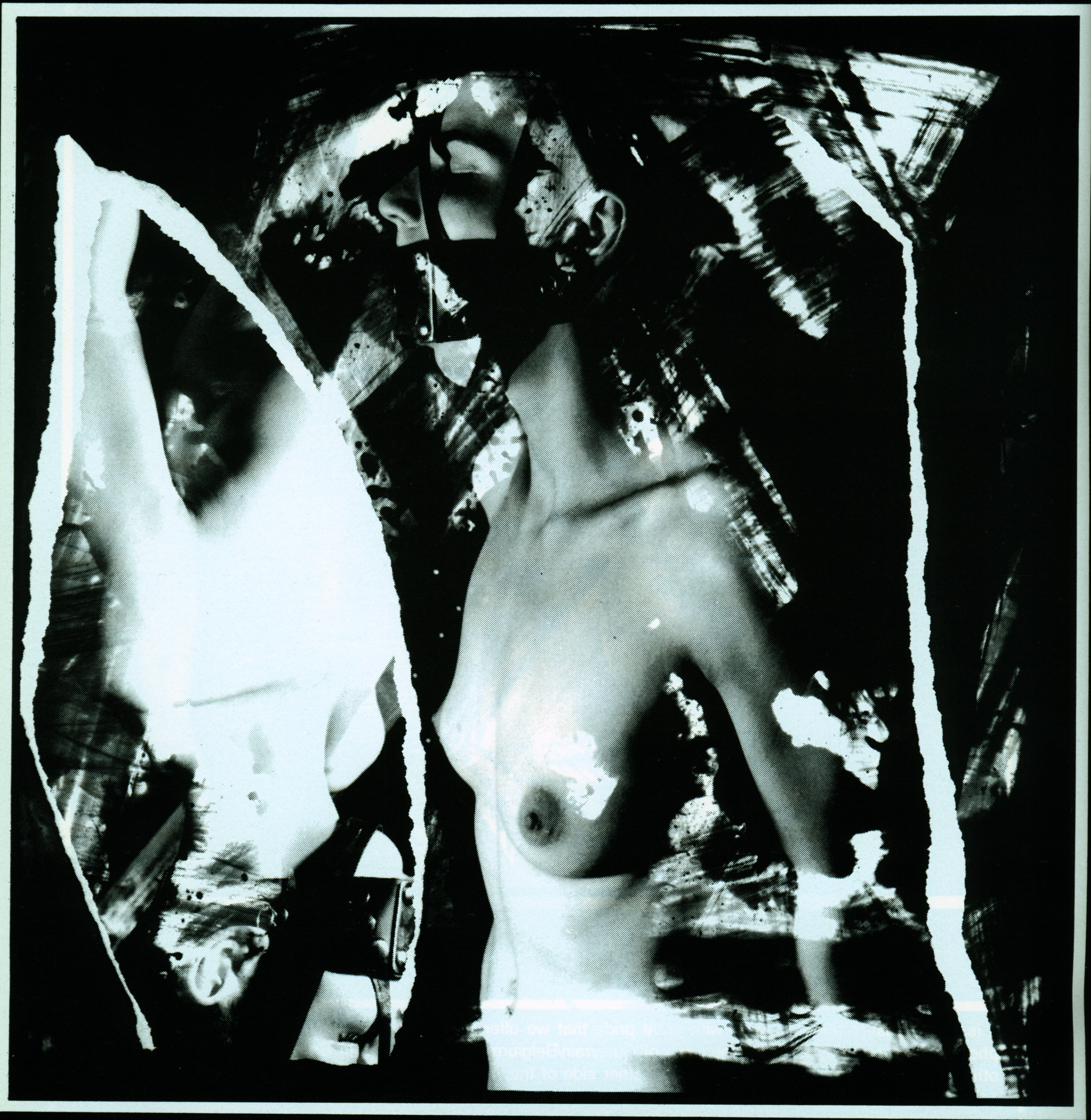
*The best known and largest maker of traditional English corsets is **AXFORDS OF BRIGHTON,** England, who stock a wide variety of styles in satin and cotton.*

There is a society for those with an interest in the history and practice of tight lacing : London Life League, POBox 1319, Place Bonaventure, MONTREAL H5A 1H1 CANADA. They produce a quarterly newsletter. Subscription $15 US cash.

GUY LEMAIRE

It is with pleasure and above all with great pride that we offer you these latest plates by this talented photographer, famous not only in his home town of Quiévrain/Belgium but far beyond: in Brussels, too, as well as on the other side of the Channel and even on the other side of the Atlantic. Every inch the photographer-prophet, adding exhibition after exhibition to his list of honours, he has succeeded in making a name for himself in the SM scene, and in becoming one of its cult personalities. The totally captivating world which he conjures up for us as few photographers can ropes us into enigmatic, erotic dreams. Driven by an intense love, he is offering us true works of art here. Only recently Les Editions Secrètes has published a splendid hardcover book, Transes D'Images, with his new work. This book is not for the faintharted and shows girls and men, in severe bondage, suspension and other SM-activities. All pictures have been treated in the darkroom and have been "personalized" by Guy Lemaire himself. Never has there been a book like this one. If you want to order, send 2000BF (about £40 / 70us$) to our adress. You will not be disapointed! (p&p included)

Jürgen Boedt



LE PRIVE...AND HONG KONG

by Princess Sheeba

Hong Kong, a crowded city where an ancient civilization meets today's modern technology. A place where anything goes. A city that reminds me of New York with subtle differences. Like the sincere hospitality of its citizens, and the extra care towards Westerners by the street merchants, as they chase after the American dollar. A typical Hong Kong day sees Eastern girls selling their services in so called massage parlors to survive, next to a restaurant where a large corporate deal is being sealed. Tourists returning to their hotel rooms arms filled with shopping bags, while the aromas of ginger and soya mixed with the dirt of the alleys permeate the air. Glamorous evening gowns parading at a gala, champagne being poured at the boat restaurant in Aberdeen, while a bare bottom baby boy is crying for his bowl of rice. A tiny island that everyone wants a piece of... A paradise for shoppers and fantasy achievers.

It was during one of my business trips to Hong Kong that I met them by pure coincidence. A very influential couple that I ran into at Shangrila's piano bar where I was drinking my favorite drink, campari-soda, and reading the book called "Exit to Eden". She started the conversation in a non-committal friendly manner, commenting about the book I was reading. However, I was being questioned discretely, verifying if I did indeed share a sincere interest in the scene of S&M. Once satisfied, they admitted to me that they as well enjoyed the scene. They seemed a pleasant and well groomed couple.

The next thing I knew, I was invited to join them at a private club the next day. After accepting the offer, I went to my room and felt hesitant. Was I doing the right thing? Maybe they weren't so nice after all. I had heard of so many horror stories happening in Hong Kong. I called my boyfriend in Montreal a few hours before they arrived to pick me up at my hotel. I told him the nature of the club, and how I met them. He encouraged me to go. I was quite nervous. His soft and enthusiastic voice calmed me a little. Up until then, my experiences in S&M were only with him. I didn't know if I would make a good Mistress, nor what to do with another slave if I was offered one.

It was around supper time when the diplomatic Mercedes picked me up. The dark windows kept us anonymous to outsiders. Although I knew Kowloon quite well, I couldn't concentrate enough to discover the actual address of this private club. After driving about 20 minutes we arrived at a tall building which looked more like a condominium than a club. No sign nor logo marked this building as a club. We were greeted by a Caucasian doormen who escorted us to the elevators. He seemed to know and respect the couple a lot, without being tipped. The three elevators were glass encased, with sparkling electric bulbs all around their frame. We went 5 levels down. From the third level, my eyes stared wide open with what I was seeing 3 floors below us. A huge hall, exquisitely decorated with tall vegetation and assorted table settings, reminded me of a Roman feast. Male and female servants, semi nude with their exposed chests and bare bums, seemed to shine in the semi lit hall, as they went about feeding and massaging people's feet and shoulders.

Shortly after we arrived, we were greeted by a beautiful, tall and delicate girl. Her evenly tanned skin was highlighted by her blond hair, that cascaded across her shoulders to the small of her back. The innocent pouty lips painted a light pink, were contrasted by the depth of her blue eyes. She gracefully led us to a round table, keeping her eyes lowered at all times.

"Good evening, my name is Eva. I am your humble servant for your pleasures tonight. Can I offer you an aperitif ?"

Mistress M (the wife) ordered her to kneel down in front of me and introduced me to her. Eva bowed and kissed my shoes. I felt quite uncomfortable. I never had another slave, let alone have my shoes kissed. Mistress M felt my discomfort, and after Eva left to bring us drinks, told me:

Don't feel shy. She is a slave. Nothing but a slave. If you wish, she can be yours tonight. Eva is one of the Club's best you know. She is from Finland, and like most blond Scandinavians, she loves brunettes. I think she'll enjoy your presence. And if ever you feel uncomfortable, we can talk in French. She's fluent in three languages, but doesn't speak French. You know you are quite charming Sheeba. Relax and enjoy!"

I thanked Mistress M, and confessed that I was new and inexperienced in the game, and that I had never had a lesbian encounter before. I also confessed that it was my time of the month. She smiled, and told me not to worry, and as my boyfriend said it earlier on the telephone, reminded me that I was in control. I still felt uncomfortable with the idea. Nor did I feel I was really in control.

The dinner commenced. I noticed the club's logo on the linen napkins and silverware. Looking up, I realized that two of the three elevators kept going up and down with bound slaves within, nude in all their glory. The whole thing was so spectacular that I wished I could share this experience with my boyfriend, who introduced me to the scene, and probably deserved to be present more than me. I was too awed then to really enjoy myself.

Our table also included a diplomatic attaché, another couple and a single man. After few drinks and the friendly atmosphere I felt less nervous. I started to desire owning Eva for that night. Her bright blue eyes kept making love to me throughout the supper. She was gorgeous. Not a bad body to own for my first female slave... So I accepted the gift that Mistress M proposed. After all, I needed to gain more confidence to become a better Dominant to my own submissive back home.

After our meal, we were escorted to the costume shop. What a paradise! A wide assortment of outfits and equipment was available. Many of which I did not even know their uses for at the time. I remember being offered a latex outfit by Mistress M, and feeling uncertain about its comfort, let alone how it was to be worn. What I would give to be offered that selection now! Today, one of my favorite outfits is a latex corset.

I chose outfits that I knew how they were worn. For Eva, a simple leather G-string and matching leather bra with cups that snapped off. I also took a studded leather G-string and matching bra for myself. The whip, paddle and nipple clamps I was familiar with from back home, so I took them as well.

I was assigned a room number and was told that my slave was ready for me. When I approached the door I really felt nervous. The only thought in my mind was how was I suppose to act to please her! What a wrong attitude for a Mistress to take. The slave is supposed to please the Mistress! No one knew how I felt. I was like an inexperienced student ready for her exam. I look back at it now with fond memories. Five years later, there has been a definite change of attitude in me.

Although I am always considerate about my slave(s), it is my contentment that is a slave's just reward.

When I opened the door, she was on her knees, with her hands resting on her crotch and eyes lowered. As I entered, she rose, quickly approached me and knelt once again. Kissing my hands, she gently whispered:

"Welcome Mistress."
"You may call me Princess Sheeba, slave."
"Yes, my Princess. May I tell you something?"
"Only when you are told. Go on..."
"My Princess, I am happy to serve you tonight, it means so much to me. Thank you for choosing me.."

I blind folded her and fastened the clamps on her pretty pink nipples. She moaned and I told her to be quiet. In her ear, I whispered that she could stop the scene with a code word. On the wall was a circular device with padded cuffs. I tied her spread eagle facing this device. I realized that I could rotate her, but didn't dare. Her bum was so cute and inviting to play with, that I soon found myself whipping them. After a few strokes, I stopped, and started to caress her soft and warmed cheeks. Once again I started to whip, only to stop again to fondle her bum. Sometimes with my hands, sometimes with my mouth. My tongue making circles on her red cheeks. Each time she would thank me, begging and challenging me to whip her more and more. I touched her wet pussy. I was wet myself. It was the first time I ever felt comfortable whipping another.

Untying her, I ordered her to pour me some wine. She did, and then I wetted her red bum with the wine and licked it off. I could feel the heat rising from them. I saw tears in her blue eyes. I asked if she was hurt, she replied:

"No, my Princess. I am happy. I am yours."

I removed the clamps and kissed her sensitive nipples. She wanted to give me an orgasm, but I refused her. We caressed each other for a while. I tied her up on a quite unusual training horse. It had a horse head design carved in wood and padded at certain areas for the slave's head to rest upon. It also came with it's own leather straps to immobilize the submissive. I only used the wrist, ankle and body straps leaving the bit and groin straps alone. I must admit, it was a genius design and very spectacular. For a while, I watched Eva's body in bondage, admiring her as a piece of art. She was still blind folded when I used a vibrator on her pussy. She moaned in pleasures, but I never knew if she had had an orgasm... When I released her, she started to massage me. Her fingers were like magic on my skin. At one point I really thought that she was mine. No one ever massaged me like she did. She knew exactly what she was doing. Eva was excellent in her role.

After three hours of play, we ended the scene. I hugged her, which she seemed to appreciate, and we dressed up. She asked me why I never let her touch my clitoris. And when I told her the real reason she smiled and told me:

"How long have you been playing the game?" "Not so long. Perhaps a few months." "Do you own a slave?" "My boyfriend introduced me to the game, he is my slave. He is also a good Dom." "You know Sheeba. You have potential. Never refuse an orgasm. I really wanted to give you one tonight. Now let's go to the atrium where everyone gathers and expresses their feelings after a scene. Do you like the philosophy behind the whole game?" "Indeed I like it. At fist it didn't seem normal to me this whole game. Later I found the magic in it. The role playing part reminded me my acting experiences in the theater. When I play the slave's role, I enjoyed it as well. But after tonight I definitely have more confidence in my abilities to become a good dominant. I thank you Eva. I think a slave belongs to a Mistress as much as the Mistress belongs to her slave. Without one another, neither of them can experience such a magical bond. Up until now, since I only had my boyfriend as a slave, I thought I was enjoying the game because of my love towards him. Tonight I felt the care of a Mistress to a total stranger as my slave. I discovered the true bond of S&M. I no longer think of it as only a kinky game, it is much more than that now." "Those are nice thoughts. Why don't you share them with the other players? I am sure you'll be remembered here. I do this for a living, and I love my job."

When we reached the atrium, Mistress M was already there. She saw the sparkle in my eyes, and smiled. We talked, discussed, and had more drinks. They gave me a T-shirt with "Dangerous" on the front, and in Chinese characters "Sweet" and my name on the back. When I left my heart was content, and I was filled with enthusiasm to become a better Dominant for my slave back home. I felt very fortunate to meet Mistress M and her slave husband. To visit such a club, and to own Eva for a few hours. My second slave who helped me to surpass my barrier of self confidence.

When I came back to Montreal, my own slave felt the difference in my attitude as a Dominant. He became much more eager to serve me, and idolized Eva.

Yet I still feel the difference between my own slave and Eva. That is, my slave loves me in a much greater extent. No other submissive can top that. After my Hong Kong experience, I have trained many others. They all have a special corner in my heart. But I sometimes think of Eva... The slave girl who opened my horizons for a better future filled with my spouse by my side. And me, a Mistress who blossomed like a flower with the first morning light, so that the gardener will enjoy it's presence in his garden...

I dedicate my thoughts to Mistress M, to Eva and Mina. (My first slave whom I married four years later.)

Hong Kong will never be the same in my eyes...

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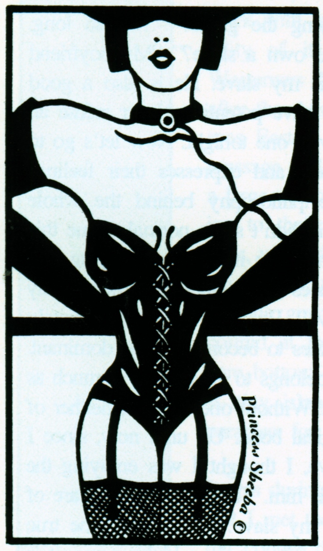
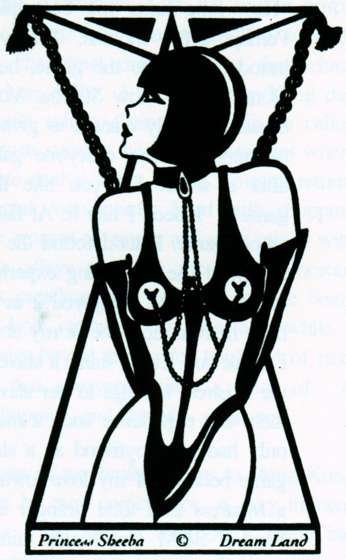
THE ARTIST BEHIND HER ART PRINCESS SHEEBA

Written by M.





It's a sunny afternoon, about 3 PM, in early June. I'm on my way to interview Princess Sheeba over a cup of English tea at her highness' house. I have known her for several years as one of her submissives. Every time I present myself at her residence, I feel an adrenaline rush invade my whole being. I must admit, I love it...

Upon my arrival, her husband greets me at the door. He is a man that I have come to appreciate through the years, and the scenes we shared in the past have helped develop a good friendship between us.

He invites me to have a seat in Sheeba's skillfully decorated living room. It's filled with a diverse collection of objects from different parts of the world as a result of her international business interests. Intermixed with these artifacts are samples of her artwork. An art-deco stained glass lamp catches my attention, and her husband comments:

"Sheeba made that one."

I ask, "Is there anything that Sheeba doesn't do?" With a smile he replies:

"She hates calculations, numbers and cleaning dog hair off the cream carpet."

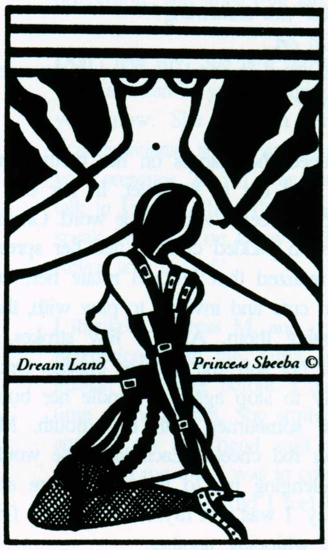
Princess Sheeba enters the room with her glowing smile. I get up and receive my usual warm hug from her. She likes to call it her "bear hug."

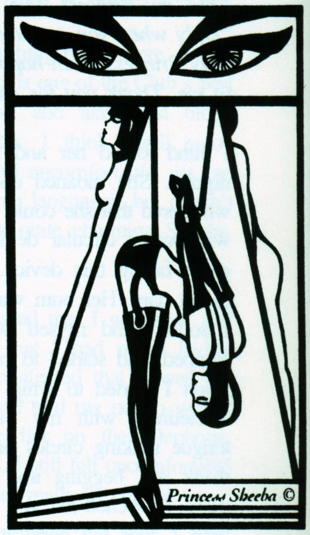
She's a petite woman in her early 30's, with dark black hair and stunning dark blue eyes. As a mutual friend once said about her: "Sheeba is short, yet with a very tall personality."

After some pleasant conversation, with more than a little reminiscing, we go up to her studio. She sits down on a Victorian love seat that had had the pleasure of being upholstered by her. The same one I fondly recall being bound to on many occasions. And we begin the interview.

Sheeba's background turns out to be Middle Eastern, and she speaks 5 languages. After living and studying in Paris, she made her way to Montreal in 1978. By trade she is a fashion designer and the talent behind many well-known brands. Sheeba's flair and talent have also been reflected in her many major fashion shows.

In addition, she has been painting and writing for many years. Since her introduction to the scene, her art has taken on a very erotic form. She loves using vibrant colors in her work, always mixed with a touch of gold. Her distinctive style is easy to spot once you've been exposed to her full range of work. Sheeba's painted renditions of women in their most exotic glory are truly inspiring. As an added layer of mystery, the majority of her work contains hidden graphic symbols.





I ask her who owns her paintings.

"The first person who encouraged me by buying my work was a businessman in Amsterdam. He used to love commissioning my work and gave them as gifts to his friends throughout Europe. At first I thought my work wasn't that valuable. I used to paint for fun, but if someone wants to put a value on them and purchase them, that means they aren't so bad after all. Art is subjective. It should talk to your heart. So as for your question where are my paintings, they are in homes where they are appreciated by the owners."

"What made you decide to draw scene-related greeting cards? "

"It was around Christmas time, while I was sending greetings to scene friends that I had the idea to start the "Dream Land Series." There are a few artists out there, quite well known already, who use scene themes. I said to myself, why not my own. I must admit, my husband was the first one to encourage me in this project. Later on, once the word was out, many friends loved the concept. You see, I like doing unusual things in life. "For instance, at several dinners which I hosted, I created individual hand-painted dinner menus for my guests. This was inspired by some fine restaurants that I had frequented in Thailand. This natural tendency to reiterate life experiences in graphic forms has led me to expressing the magic of the lifestyle. I had already written several stories, and created full sized paintings, but I hope these cards will reach a larger audience. So these greeting cards represent my vision of the scene. As an artist I have always wanted to put my ideas into a physical medium and share the magic with appreciative people throughout the world. So that's how the series started. "

"Can you describe the Dream Land Series?"

"The series' first edition consists of 12 different designs. I tried to capture 'Women in the Scene'. Through my studies in fashion, I have become fascinated by the females' shape, curves and manners. A woman in the scene, whether she is a submissive or a dominant, is very dynamic for me. So as I have said earlier, I wanted to pay a tribute to women with my first edition of the series. The cards themselves are printed on high quality, glossy white embossed and textured stock, and come with textured envelopes. The prints are in black ink. They come in two different boxes. Each has 12 cards with 6 different designs. They are copyrighted material like any art."

"Where can we purchase them?"

"I can't name a particular store. They will be available here in North America and Europe. If there is a store that doesn't carry them you can get in touch with me or refer them to me. I'll be glad to give more information about them. Our mailing address is:

Princess Sheeba
PO. Box 664
Beaconsfield PQ.
CANADA H9W 5V3.

As I left her house, Princess Sheeba gave me a full set of her autographed cards. I'll frame them one day. Knowing her in person makes them so much more magical...

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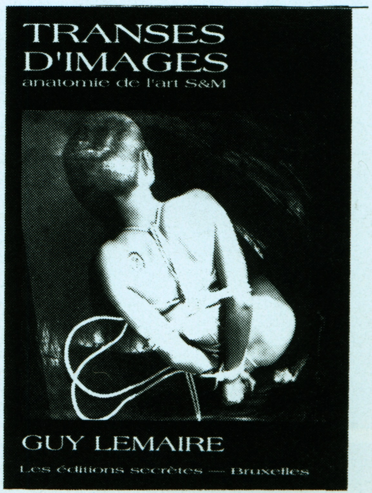

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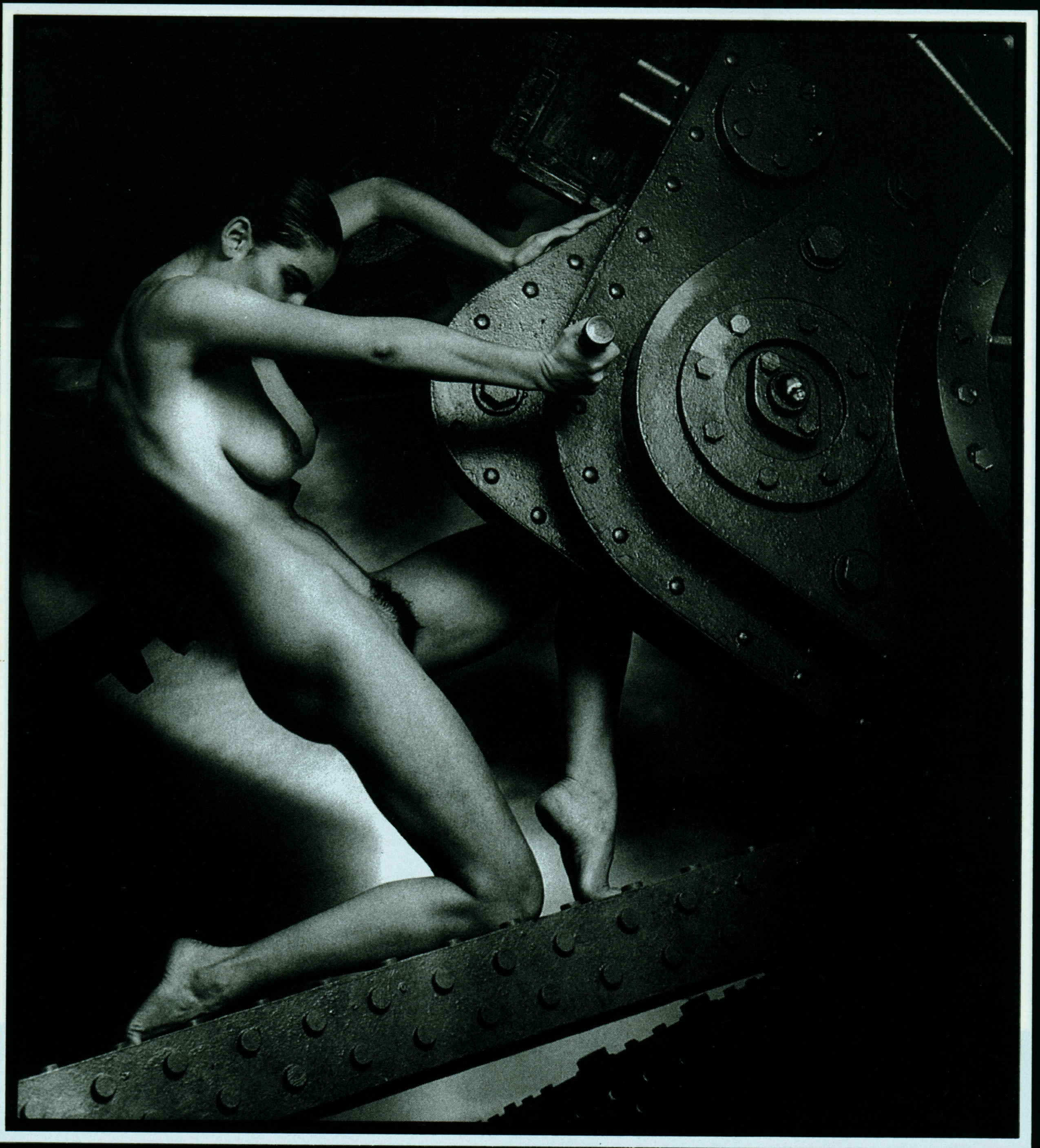
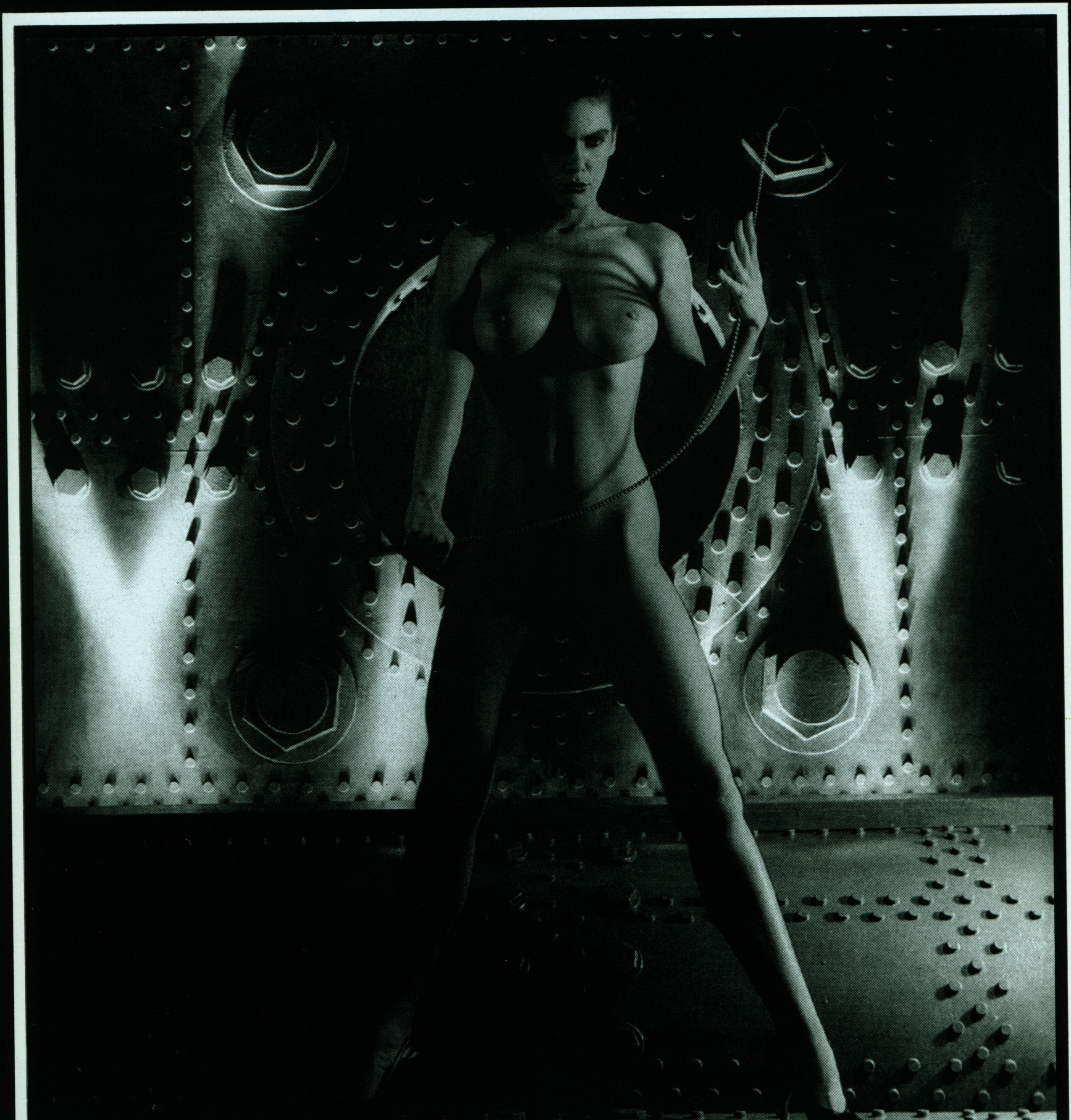
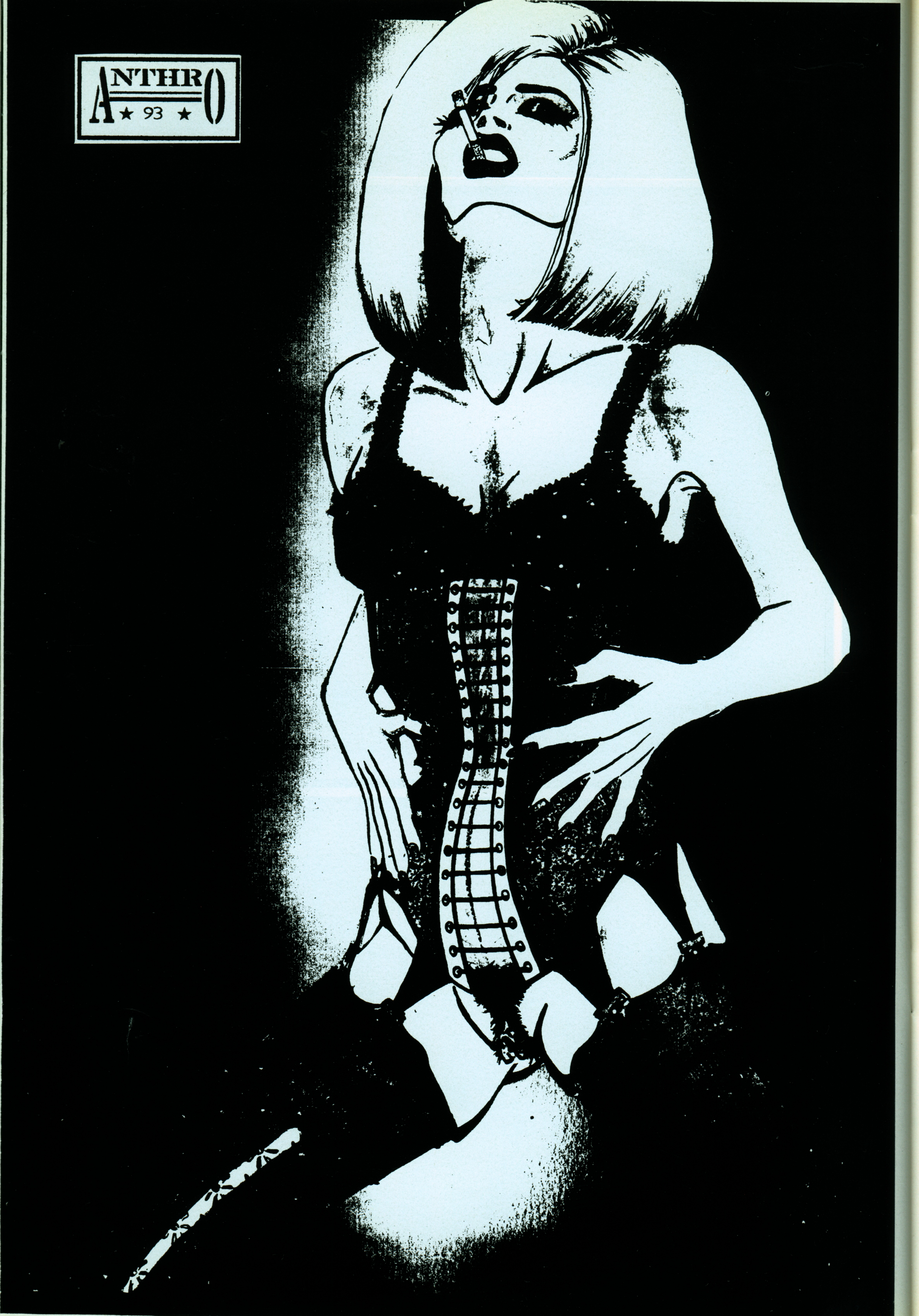
Günter Blum Akt

That's the name of the hardcover book that Edition Braus has just given to the wonderful fetish/art photography by Günter Blum. As you will probably notice yourselves, he's an expert in light and athmospheres, a combination of static photography projected in a world of steel, leather and rubber. The steel imagery of his, mainly domina's, models are inspired by the film METROPOLIS and his vision is one of an illustrator, a world known and acclaimed illustrator as he was in the '80's.

These magnificent, breathtaking pictures are only a small grasp that we were able to print from the book Günter Blum Akt, that you can order at Edition Braus, HebelstraBe 10, 69115 Heidelberg, Germany. Price: 130DM. For more information call int. 49.6221.14082. Don't forget to mention SECRET!






ANTHRO
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FLESH

by Anthro.

It is black, there is no light. The room temperature is warm, the floor cold. I can hear someone breathing, somewhere behind me, and the sound of creaking leather. There are occasional wisps of fragrance and unusual odours, drifting across my deprived senses. I can move nothing but my head.

"I hate you". A voice stated flatly, softly feminine. There was no reply to be made, my mouth gaped open, jaws apart, the taste of a smooth rubbery plastic lingering in me.

Once again there was the creaking of leather, that unmistakable sound, and I could feel a temperature increase behind me, the figure was standing behind me in this darkness. "You are empty, valueless". The words came from close to my ear, gently stated but with an ugly coldness. Her voice sounded almost robotic.

I knelt on the bare floor, supported by my toes and knees, arms locked behind my back, belly, crotch, legs and thighs were all immovably strapped and restrained. My heart beat with a fear adrenilated, high speed thump.

"There can be no doubt that you are a disappointment. In life, to me, to your wife, to everyone. A useless empty vessel too used to controlling bullying, and threatening to be of any value as a human being, but even that is more worth than you demonstrate in your absolute and total sexual incompetence. You're like an illness".

My breathing was quickened by my rage and inability to respond.

The creaking passed by my right side, a beautiful scent trailing in the total darkness. I had a momentary impression of something close, in front of me.

Without warning I felt my head gripped by the roots of my hair, pain blasting through my system, cranium tossed back and held.

"Breathe me in", the woman instructed. "Breathe in the stench of my soul you sexless piece of shit". My fear, anger and outrage simulated my swelling until it popped from between my closed thighs, oozing a slimy trail of oily fluid.

I breathed an unmistakable aroma as her fingers pulled my skull to just before her perfumed cavity.

I wanted to spit my tongue into her ovaries and drink every trace of moisture from inside her.

The slap threw me to the floor, face stinging and limbs held in their confined shape. One moment I was supported, breathing her odour, the next on the floor, before the echo of the force of her blow had subsided.

There was the sound of heels clicking over wood and then the juddering sound of heavy zipping.

When she spoke again, she was standing some distance away. "I hope you can remember the pleasures you've felt before, because here I am in control and you will be my instrument of gratification. My pleasure, the pleasure I'll relish as I teach you the beauty of pain. Think of this as a penance for being a worthless excuse for a human, penance for failing as an husband, penance for simply being you or for being here. I'm going to make you dance to my symphony of torture".

I waited, eagerly.

Seconds stretched to minutes as I lay, vulnerable and unmoving where she left me. No sound, nothing.

She was building me up like a craftsman or perhaps a mistress of her craft would be more suitable.

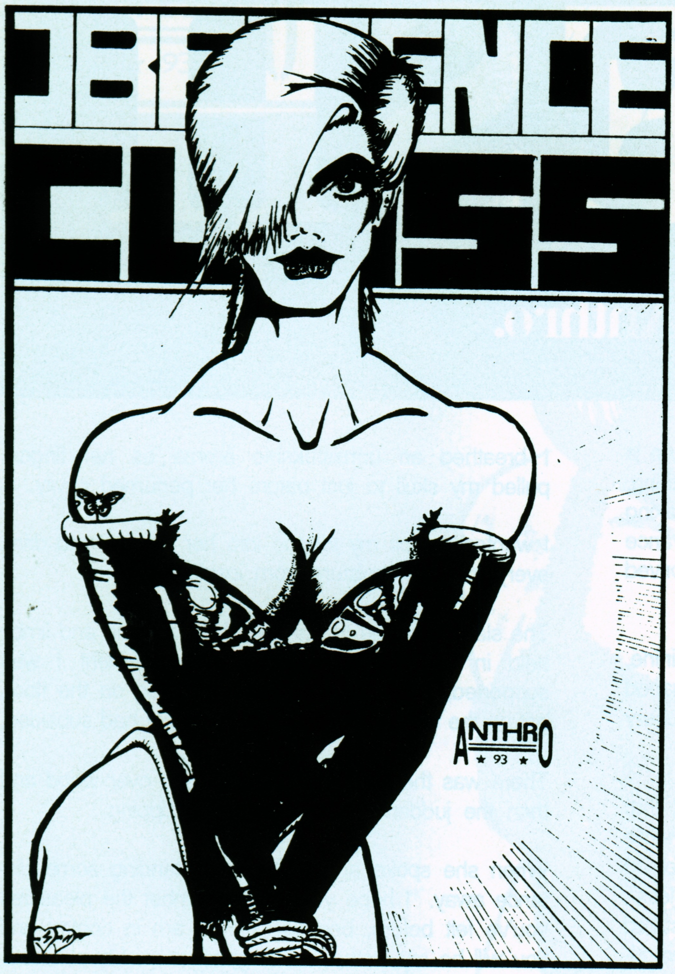
I hungered for the manisfestation of the words she had spoken, waited to receive the punishment I so richly deserved, the punishment only she had seen that I had always been seeking.

Suddenly the world illuminated in a blinding supernova, I could see nothing but the pure optic corroding whiteness that filled my whole universe.

I lay like a discarded doll, tossed aside by some petulant child. It was only then, at the point of humility and helplessness, that I realised that I had no memory beyond the darkness of a few minutes ago.

No name, no knowledge of where I was or why, and no notion of the identity of the goddess like vision which stood befor my twisted gaze.

It didn't matter, only the NOW was important.



The sound of her booted feet echoed through the polished wooden floor which my right ear pressed against.

I watched, struggling to right myself, create a rational perspective. It was hopeless.

I shivered as I stared at the gleaming black boots, with their precarious elongated spike heels, at the enormous expanse of tightly lacer leather, shiny and creaking at each measured step.

Twisting my head I hungrily gazed up the polished vista of blazing silver, gripping the developed muscles of her thighs, sucking against the rounded hips and flattened belly in a rubbery kiss that continued up the jutting mounds of her bosom only interrupted by a black, waist nipping corset.

I hungered, then looked again at the silver and black Amazon.

She stopped a couple of feet before me, her head staring down haughtily between the protruding, rubber coated breasts.

The lights glinted against the polished head mask, only large eyes and wide mouth visible.

Her silver arms and black gloved hands held a tiny whip with a host of leather strands, dragging the ends through her fingers again and again. My eyes burned into the pronounced zip slashed mound between her thighs.

"How dare you stare at me. Look away ! Look away you"... The sentence was interrupted by the whip striking my hips and left buttock. My swelling instantly expanded and oozed a trickle onto the polished wood beneath me.

Slowly she strode around my faller frame, staring and evaluating, I could feel it, feel her eyes burning into my flesh, calculating.

Her boot pressed against my left hip, heel digging into my bottom muscles in a burning agony of joy.

The pointed toe drifted down to the crack between my legs, forcing itself into my rectum with a steadily increasing pressure. I heard her giggle.

Suddenly I was being dragged, the thick gauntlets dragging me by the tight binding which held my forearms together.

Only flashes of a large empty room visible as she effortlessly moved me to a binding bar in the corner.

It struck me as odd that instruments lay in each corner but that there was no door.

I was stilly wondering how we got in as she bound me to the steel bar, supporting my weight under my arms, securing the bonds to my lower body.

From behind she released a buckle on either thigh and my legs popped free, falling so that I could just stand on my toes... If my legs hadn't been totally numb.

She walked before me, creaking and wafting a scent of ecstasy.

The height, the incredible height of her and the fantasy like proportions of her body were astounding.

I wanted to plunge my tongue, mouth, fingers, genitals, into every orifice of her frame. I couldn't, I couldn't move from this spot, so I wondered if she was brunette, blonde, redhead. There were no clues.

The tongues of the whips bit my shoulder in a mass of tangled bites. I grunted in the pain of pleasure.

"Avert your eyes, you won't be told again". I did so.

"I wish you could see the rising redness of your welts, the canals of rising red flesh, swollen and bloated. That is beauty, a beauty no photograph of description can do justice to... It is something which can only be experienced, either as donor or receiver".

The restriction of her corset was making her breathing deep, I slyty watched her chest heaving in a chasm of fleshy muscle coated rubber.

"We need much more" !

My throat made a sort of phrased gurgling sound in the rythm of language, but it was no recognisable dialect. I knew I wanted to scream at her to strike my skin, rage against my torso and back, to create a panorama of furrows over my bottom, beat my nipples and strike my penis until it choked on a surfeit of blood and excitement.

But as she began to strike me I started to wonder if she could read my mind or simply knew.

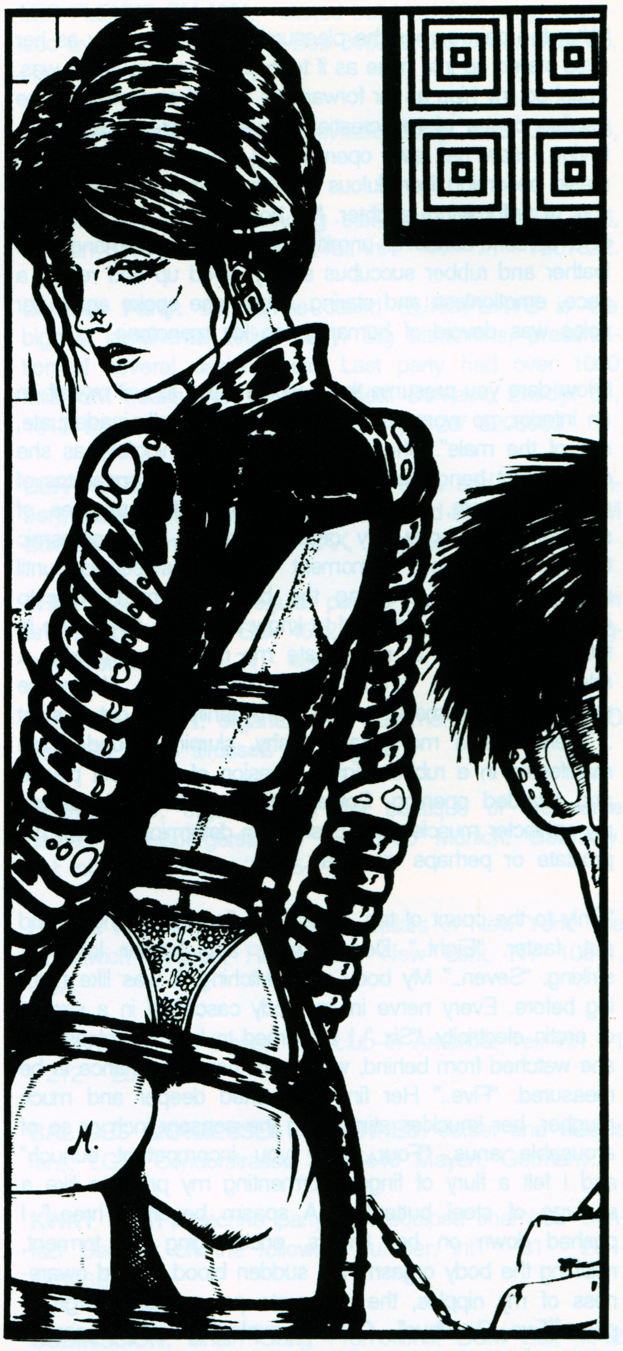
Again and again the tangled whistle sang around my ears.

My flesh succumbed to each blow like embracing an almost forgotten friend from the past, my soul sang as my body jerked and twisted in a whirl of assault.

Striking afresh, buttocks shaking, legs numbly dancing in a cowardly effort to escape the punishment that my mind knew they deserved.

Occasionally I could see the sculptured structure move in perfect time and symmetry, muscles swelling and her breathing becoming quicker, breasts inflating the harder she worked, seeking more and more oxygen. Time passed in a haze of anguish, the developing irritation of her growing moans and grunts like a wounded animal. It took some time to realise that the sound emanated solely from my body, it took even longer to realise that she had stopped.

Her large mouth grinned widely, blood red and unattainable. The gauntletted hands gripped my head and I stared at her chest, close enough to smell the musky odour of warm rubber. The pronounced rise of her nipples, pushing to stretch the boundaries of her catsuit, revealed the excitement she was feeling, the involuntary bodily response most of us are victim to. She threw my head back and ran her tongue over my torso. Probing and following the now pronounced welts of my flesh. Licking the tiny drops of perspiration which exuded from my skin. I never saw the sharp blow which stunned my penis into a kick started discomfort. She walked off to the far corner of the white room, laughing.



I hung from the silver bar, a beaten and hollow puppet, watching her return. There was nothing to compare her to, no measure of the depraved esteem my body had enslave me to.

Towering above me her fingers, long and black, moved in slow motion to my nipples. I could only watch helplessly as she spread the spring clips apart, the chrome yawning in a sadistic sardonic grin. Closer, closer to my protruding flesh buds... Then the burning wave of crushing agony. The perverse joy crashed in a wild tide running through my sensory system, smashing against a fleshy shore time and time again. My head rolled in a pleasure far greater than any humble orgasm.

Before my eyes she knelt, the perfect silver head devoting its attentions solely now to my dripping member. My heart stopped for a moment, as the red lips parted, breath so warm against my glans. The universe was now about to become perfection, and I a satellite of total harmony within it. My body quivered not in pain, but with anticipation.

"After the pain comes the pleasure", I heard her say as her eyes stared up into mine as if to inspect how aroused I was. I pushed my hips as far forward as I could and watched the swollen centre of my creation crave her attentions. Unbelieving I saw her jaws open widely. Stretching the clinging mask, becoming incredulous as she yawned and burst into a fit of unforgiving laughter. My body twisted like a dervish in a berserk dance of unmitigated rage and demand. The leather and rubber succubus simply stood up and retired a pace, emotionless and staring. When she spoke again her voice was devoid of humanity, an icy monotone.

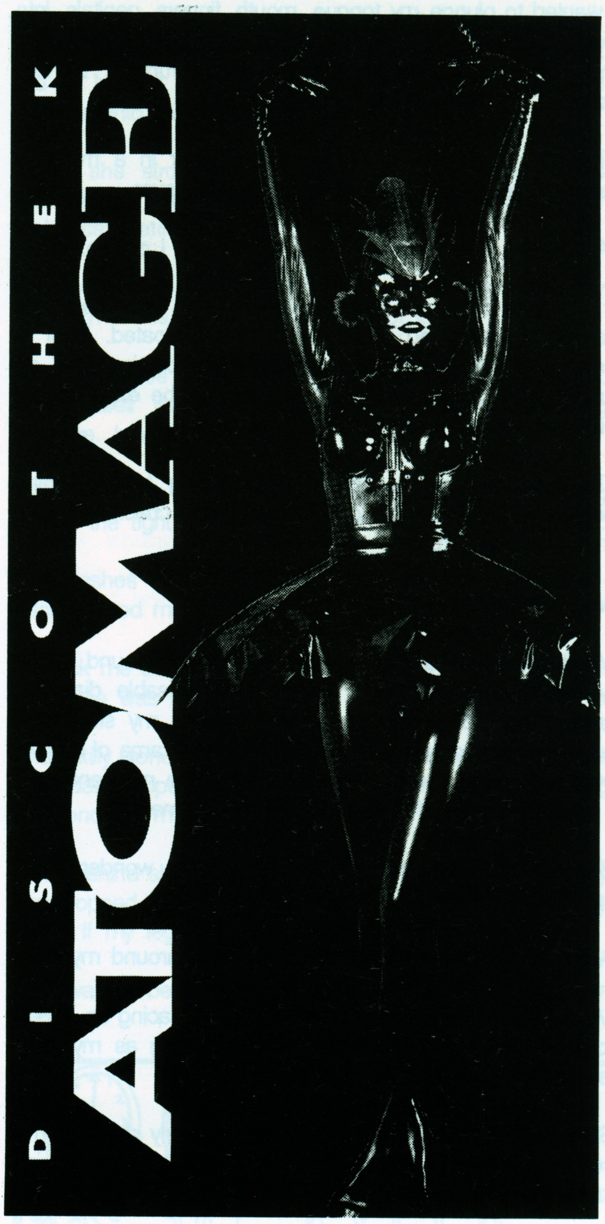
"How dare you presume that I would deign to soil myself on an inferior, no worse than that the pathetically inadequate, sex of the male". She strode forward meaningfully as she spoke, right hand reaching out to twist at the apparatus of my right nipple, squeezing out another few degrees of sexually fired agony. My organ jerked in a pre-orgasmic twist of contraction, a moment of infinite sweetness until she cut it short, crossing the barrier of painful joy to inhibiting pain. She seemed to know all things, how to be in total control, how to manipulate my mind. "If you wish a release, you'll do it only trough penetration". Her voice droned in a mesmerising tone, from behind me out of sight . There was a momentary slushy, slurping sound which manifested in a rubber digited invasion of my most private and guarded opening. Powerful fingers effortlessly spread my sphincter muscles and pushed on determined to find my prostate or perhaps my heart.

"Only to the count of ten, nine.." Her fingers probing in and out, faster. "Eight.." Deeper now, and harder knuckles striking. "Seven.." My body was twitching, it was like nothing before. Every nerve in my body cascaded in a stream of erotic electricity. "Six.." I screamed to beg for release as she watched from behind, waiting for her performance to be measured. "Five.." Her fingers pushed deeper and much rougher, her knuckles stimulating the sensory inch or so of arousable anus. "Four...Hurry you incompetent eunuch" and I felt a flury of fingers tormenting my prostate like a scourge of steel butterflies. A spasm began. "Three.." I pushed down on her fingers, encouraging the torment, relishing the body orgasm, the sudden blood rushed awareness of my nipples, the desperate pre orgasmic urge to pee. "Two...Goodbye". Colours exploding and a scrotal twisting ram of spasmodic muscular contraction. A now gratifying release of pre orgasm sperm spat feet before me in a thin white line. "one !" Her fingers retreated instantly and she uttered a wordless noise of technical satisfaction as she watched my submission to her architecture. My hips bucked and crotch tightened as I felt the chundering and choking swell of sperm cascade from the quivering organ driving my life. Oozing white heat across the room, splattering on the glisteniong wood, fired by every nerve in my system, spraying in recoil over my belly and chest. An unending spasm of release which I had never before dreamed could be achieved, only slowly giving a hint of subsiding. Suddenly the darkness returned.

The last blobs of secreted emission still thudding and plopping to the floor as the echo of a closing door banged. The last wracking twists dimmer to a slower pulse. All was silent once more, except for the beating of my racing heart.

I hung in the blackness again, empty flesh.

Anthro



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41238 Mönchengladbach-Giesenkirchen
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RUBBER SEX

New rubbersex catalogue with rubber suits, hoods, gloves, fuckharnasses with and without dildo's, inflatable gags and dildo's, full range watersportequipment, suspension harnass in rubber, all is in rubber for the real rubberfreak! Interested?

Send us £5/10us$ to this adress, no other mention!

P.O.Box 1414
1000 Brussels 1 Belgium

SECRET GUIDE

This new section of your magazine will be published issue after issue. We will inform you about everything that's new in the fetishist and SM world. Whilst we don't claim to be exhaustive, we will try our best to inform you about the latest finds in the SM world. In order to be able to do that, we are counting on you, dear readers, to keep us in the picture about clubs opening, new boutiques and publications etc which we haven't already mentioned in this guide. Caution! Although this guide is compiled in good faith, we cannot be held responsible for errors or information which ill-informed people might give you or us. Always mention **SECRET MAGAZINE** when you contact a magazine or boutique etc so that they know where you got your information from. Always enclose an International Reply Coupon (IRC, available at all post offices) so that you can be sure of getting a reply, because they are often amateurs who cannot afford to reply to everyone "free"...

ORGANIZATION OF PARTIES

Contact them for the next date.

THE BOOTS, gay club only, Van Aerdtstraat 22, 2060 Antwerp, Belgium. Tel: int'l - 32 - 3 - 2332136.

CLUB DOMA, seperate parties for couples, Masters, Mistresses etc. Asterstraat 107, 2565 TT The Hague, Netherlands. Tel: int'l - 31 - 70 - 3601822.

ECCENTRIC FASHION WEEKEND, in a super hotel in the Swiss mountains. P O Box 1, 4857 Riken AG, Switzerland. Tel: int'l - 41 - 62 - 442221.

DRESSING FOR PLEASURE, P O Box 43079, Upper Montclair, N J 07043, USA.

SKIN TWO, super large party, not to be missed on any account. 23 Grand Union Centre, Kensal Road, London W10 5AX, England. Tel: int'l - 44 - 81 - 9689692.

THE EVENTS, P O Box 2292, Acoks Green, Birmingham B27 7UD, England.

STAINLESS STEEL BALL, for piercing fans. Wildcat International, 16 Preston Street, Brighton BN1 2HN, England. Tel: int'l - 44 - 273 - 23758.

AZZLO, grand techno party with over 1000 people. 21 Sakamachi Shinjuku-Ku, Tokyo, Japan. Tel: int'l - 81 - 3 - 33569267.

VWA, P O Box 155, 4330 AD Middelburg, Netherlands.

DRESSED TO THRILL, party with relaxed atmosphere. PO Box 2748, 1000 CS Amsterdam, Netherlands. Tel: int'l - 31 - 20 - 6200448.

SCANDAL MOMENTS, Relaxed but warm little party, organized by Dirk De Kegel, P O Box 30, 2600 Berchem 2, Belgium.

LES FLEURS DU MAL, relaxed but hard SM party, organized by Schlagzeilen, P O Box 306352, 2000 Hamburg 36, Germany.

PRIVATE CLUB, strictly by invitation only! P O Box 138, 2610 Wilrijk 1, Belgium.

NIGHTSHIFT, rather swinging sex party. P O Box 296, London SW4 0QT, England. Tel: int'l - 44 - 71 - 7207322.

DeMask Party: sometimes called EUROPERVE is the biggest continental fetish party! Big attractions, presentation of several designers,etc. Last party had over 1000 fetish/SM freaks. Not to be missed! DeMask, Zeedijk 64, 1012 BA Amsterdam, Holland. Tel: (0) 20/ 6205603.

DER PUTSCH (including Madame Venus and The Chamber), a club well-known for its fetishist and SM parties. BCM Box 8922, London WC1N 3XX, England.

THE CHAIN GANG, regular parties (including Submission and Respect). BCM Box 4542, London WC1N 3XX, England. Tel: int'l - 44 - 71 - 4943701.

NUIT DU DESIR, organized by Sentiment Moderne, P O Box 433, 1000 Brussels 1, Belgium.

HIGHLIGHTS, organized by the boutique of the same name. Gabelsbergerstrasse 68, 8000 Munich, Germany. Tel: int'l - 49 - 89 - 527475.

FETISH FACTOR, parties in the cellars of New York. 70a Greenwich Avenue, Room 175, New York, NY 10011, USA.

THE VAULT, the biggest SM club in America! Tel: int'l - 1 - 212 - 2556758.

BAL DES GRACIEUSES MODERNES, corset and waspie fans. LGS, Condorstrasse 30, 5440 Mayen, Germany.

KINKY PARTY, techno party with equiped chamber. Contact Demask on the following number: int'l - 31 - 20 - 6205603.

SUBMISSION, Chain Gang Promotions, BCM Box 4542, London WC1N 3XX, England. Tel: int'l - 44 - 71 - 4943701.

SEVERIN'S KISS Tel: int'l - 44 - 71 - 8360259 (24 hour)

TORTURE GARDEN, "techno-bizarre" parties. Torture Garden, BM, London WC1N 3XX, England.

FANTASTIC, organized by Pagan Metal, Basement Trocadero, Picadilly Circus, England. Tel: int'l - 44 - 71 - 4342083.

CLUB CAPRICE, semi-annual fetishist parties. P O Box 700331, 7000 Stuttgart 70, Germany.

SECRET NIGHT, great international party with shows, fashion parade etc organized by SECRET MAGAZINE and Boutique MINUIT, P O Box 1400, 1000 Brussels 1, Belgium.

GUMMI LEDER & LACK TREFFEN, PLK 039814, 5000 Cologne, Germany.

CLEF, for spanking fans. P O box 73, 75922 Paris Cedex 19, France.

MAITRESSE, for fetishists, SM and others. P O Box 15448, 1001 MK Amsterdam, Netherlands. Tel: int'l - 31 - 20 - 6380521.

BOEI, organizes SM weekends. Boei, Sluiswaard 48, 1824 TK Alkmaar, Netherlands.

BLACK NIGHT, every third Sunday in the month. M&S Connection, Angelstrasse 5/9, 6800 Mannheim, Germany.

ADAM'S, 19 Rue de Brey, 75017 Paris, France. Tel: int'l - 33 - 1 - 47072581.

VALKYRIE, relaxed fetish party. P O box 148, Buzzard Leighton, Bedfordshire LU7 8ZH, England.

NAFF, fetish parties throughout England. P O Box HP50, Leeds LS6 1TR, England.

SUNRISE PARTY, fetish party. P O Box 686, 53116 Lidk÷ping, Sweden.

TREFF BIZARR, fetishist party. K÷lnerstrasse 28, 4000 Düsseldorf 1, Germany.

BOUTIQUES IN BELGIUM

AGORA (gallery): several boutiques selling stockings and other sexy clothing at very reasonable prices. It's very close to Gare Central railway station and Grande Place square. The entrance to the Galerie Agora is on the corner of Rue des Eponniers and Grande Place square (open from 1030 am to 600 pm).

AMERICAIN: located in the Galerie Agora (see above). Sells interesting vinyl clothing.

CAPRICE DE MAGALY (LA): You can find domination accessories as well as a range of sexy lingerie. La Caprice de Magaly, Boulevard Jacques Bertrand, 6000 Charleroi, Belgium.

DINKY: located in the Galerie Agora (see above). Very large selection of clothing for punks, rockers as well as a huge range of vinyl clothing. Go and have look, it's well worth the effort. Dinky, Galerie Agora, 1000 Brussels, Belgium.

FOLLIES: The most important fetish shop in Antwerp! Lots of lingerie and rubber. Open from 1030 am to 600 pm. Closed Sunday. Follies, Turnhoutsebaan 11, 2200 Borgerhout Belgium. Tel: int'l - 32 - 3 - 2353099 (close to Gare Central railway station).

LES LARMES D'HOLLYWOOD: The most important fetish shop in Liège! An astonishing selection and sublime décor. Galerie Cathédrale, 4000 Liège, Belgium. Tel: int'l - 32 - 41 - 220472. Open from Tuesday to Saturday from 1100 am to 600 pm.

MAN TO MAN: hairdresser and importer of RoB of Amsterdam. Principally gay clientele. Man to Man, Rue des Riches Claires 9, 1000 Brussels, Belgium.

MINUIT (boutique): located right in city centre, 100 yards from Grand Place square and the Bourse stock exchange, it is without doubt one of the most beautiful boutiques in Belgium. It is always well stocked with all that is best on the world market in various materials: leather, latex, vinyl, metal, lingerie etc. Here you can find everything you have spent forever and a day looking for, including an astonishing selection of high-heeled shoes (sizes 36 to 46), books, magazines and fetishist videos. We are also the importers and sole distributors (in Belgium) for several labels, such as: Wild Designs, Kim West, DeMask, Murray & Vern, Ben's Fashion Bondage, Northbound Leather, Latexa Rubber... A special department is planned for transvestites, large sizes are available in almost all ranges, mail order service (more than 15 different catalogues). The main attraction is the very friendly welcome accorded you by the sales-girls. On the ground floor you will find a whole range of sexy lingerie such as stockings and on the first floor all the fetishist, bondage and corset ranges... No need to tell you that you really must call in on your next visit to Brussels! Open every day (except Sunday) from 1030 am to 630 pm. Boutique MINUIT, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Bruxelles, Belgium. Tel: int'l - 32 - 2 - 2230914, Fax: int'l - 32 - 2 - 2231009 (the entrance to the gallery is at 17 Rue des Fripiers). Send for your list of FREE catalogues!

SEDUCTION: little boutique with a range of sexy lingerie, vinyl, some leatherette and gadgets. Seduction, Rue des Fripiers 34, 7000 Mons, Belgium. Tel: int'l - 32 - 65 - 364794.

WALHALLA: big sex shop with leather, latex, leatherette and accessories. Range of domination and tattooing magazines. Walhalla, St Paulusstraat 21, 2000 Antwerp. Tel: int'l - 32 - 3 - 2336291.

CLUBS

DOMIN SCHOOL: this is the best-equipped school of domination! The club is located in a three-storey patrician house. Cellars with cages in the walls, games rooms with crosses, wooden horse, rack, latex, gas masks, incredibly clever accessories. Here you can improve your knowledge of domination or submission or have yourself initiated by one of the in-house Mistresses. Recommended by SECRET GUIDE. Domin School, Rue du Mont Blanc 70, 1060 Brussels, Belgium.

EUROPHANTASMA: several domination rooms, fully equipped cellar. Male, female and transvestite staff, domination shows, parties for couples. Europhantasma, Avenue de la Croix Rouge 156, 4020 Bressoux, Belgium. Tel: int'l - 32 - 41 - 438707.

BACKISSUES AVAILABLE!

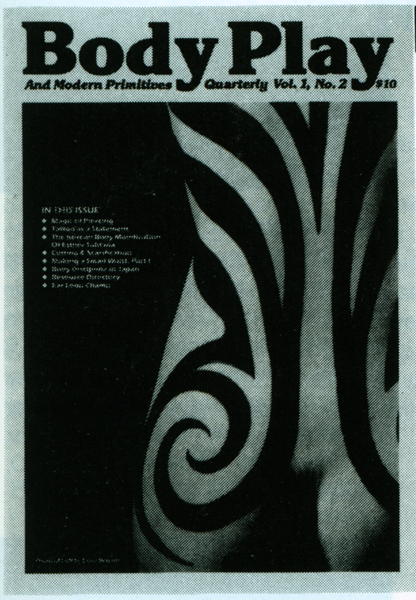
A limited number of magazines of issue 2/3/4 are still available. We will not tell you to hurry, but when they will be sold out, you'll be sorry...

Send us your order, with payment to SECRET and to be sure not to mis one issue, the only thing to do is to subscribe. But you allready knew that.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

In the course of our issues, our "reading" section will inform you about other fetishist magazines, as well as about books and catalogues dealing with fetishism which have especially caught our eye.

MAGAZINES:


Body Play
And Modern Primitives Quarterly Vol. 1, No. 2 $10

BODY PLAY AND MODERN PRIMITIVES. Edited by the fakir Musafar, this magazine deals with everything relating to piercing, waspies, tattooing and body modifications etc. It also deals with "primitive" rituals such as foot bondage. Produced entirely in black and white , for me it was a real discovery, very high class and probably the best magazine of its kind in the world. **BODY PLAY** is published three times a year and costs US$ 10. Insight Books,P O Box 2575, Menlo Park, CA 94026-2575, USA.

ZEITGEIST No 3 One of the best fetish magazines! It's beautiful, partly in colour, informative and very fetishist. A very professionally made magazine. A must. Blue Angle Co, 27 Old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3xx, England. Price £7. Odly enough we don't seem to get the new publications, so we don't know if issue 4 has been published.

The Chatt
Personal Contacts for the Sexually Adventurous
Black Widow's Web of Doom
Bizarre Birthday Party
Miss Sarah Sanderson
Plus:
Rubber
Leather
Dominants
Submissives
Transvestites
B & D Games
Fetish Fantasies

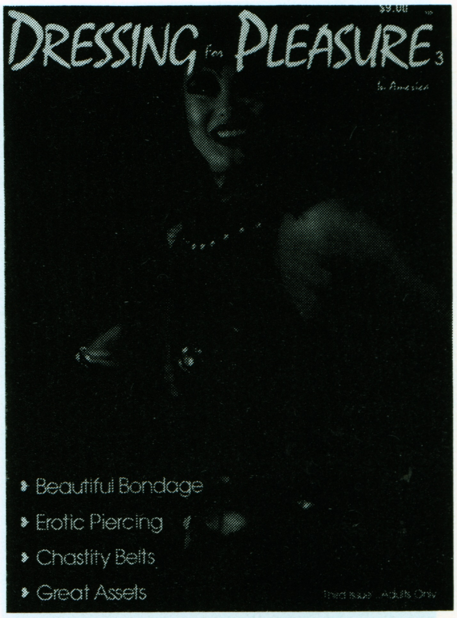
THE CHATT : Canadian magazine into latex, leather, sub/dom, TV and fetish fantasies. It also has personal ads, some with photos. Interesting. Chatterley's Publications, Box 128, Station A, Mississauga, L5A 2Z7, Canada. Price Cdn$10.

SM KONTAKT DOMA
82
FL. 12,50
SM MAGAZINE VOOR DAMES EN HEREN

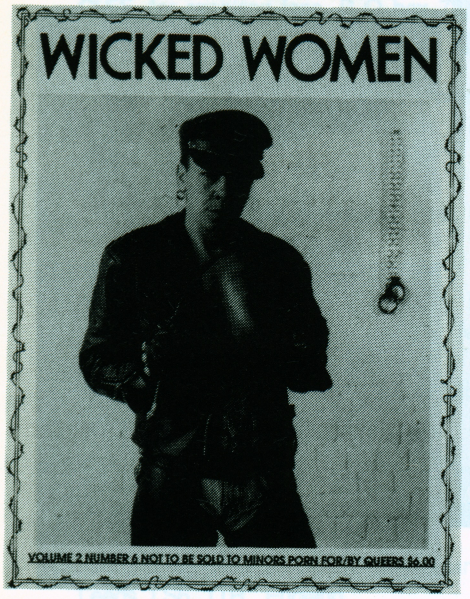
SM KONTAKT DOMA A5 size magazine published by Club DOMA. Over 100 pages on Dutch SM. Some colour photos, stories and personal ads. Published in Dutch. Doma, P O Box 93506, 2509 AM Den Haag, Netherlands. Price Hfl 12.50 (Translator's note: according to my information this magazine is available in German as well)

SMOOTH: One of the original fetishist magazines. Unfortunately it has scarcely developed since. Everything on rubber. Some photos. Good stories. Swish Publications, 47 Guildford Street, London SE1 0ES, England. Price £7.

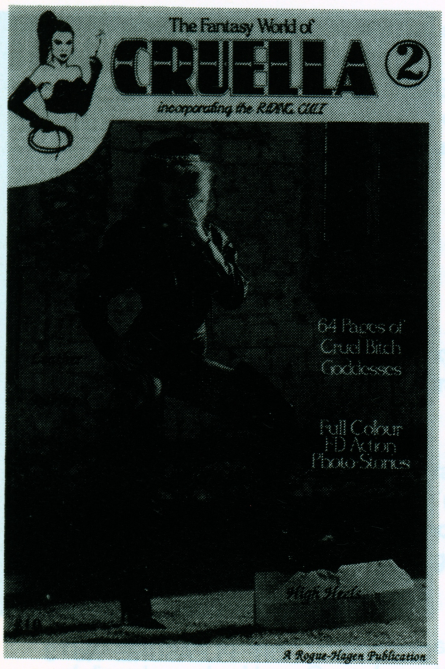
MASSAD: SM magazine for connoiseurs. Partly in colour, interesting, lots of ads by dominatrices and some contact ads. On the cover: Catherine from Boutique MINUIT, photographed by Jacques LEURQUIN. Massad, P O Box 3061, 3003 AB Rotterdam. Price Hfl 9.95


DRESSING for PLEASURE 3
In America
Beautiful Bondage
Erotic Piercing
Chastity Belts
Great Assets
Third Issue · Adults Only

DRESSING FOR PLEASURE No 3 Every year Constance Enterprises organizes a fetish weekend at the HILTON HOTEL in NEW YORK. This issue contains a full report on this great party. It isn't really a magazine but rather a documentation of the DRESSING FOR PLEASURE GALA. Not bad, partly in colour, lovely photos. Constance Enterprises, P O Box 43079, Upper Montclair, NJ 07043, USA. Price US$ 9.

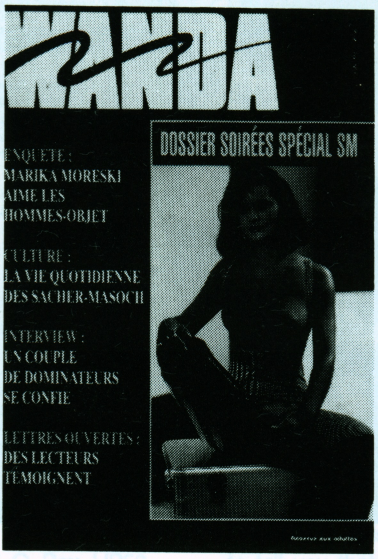

WICKED WOMEN
VOLUME 2 NUMBER 6 NOT TO BE SOLD TO MINORS PORN FOR/BY QUEERS $6.00

WICKED WOMEN Australian magazine for lesbians. Leans towards SM and leather. Very nice photos, some "hard" scenes, useful information and addresses. Published in English. Wicked Women, P O Box 1349, Strawberry Hills, Sydney, Australia 2012. Price Aus$6.


The Fantasy World of
CRUELLA 2
incorporating the RIDING CULT
64 Pages of
Cruel Bitch
Goddesses
Full Colour
FD Action
Photo Stories
High Heels
A Rogue-Hagen Publication

CRUELLA No 2 A new British magazine with photos of dominatrices in the English countryside, on horseback, in old castles... The quality of the photos is improving, some in colour. Cruella, P O Box 122, Derby DE22 4XA, England. Price £10.

FANTASY FASHION DIGEST No 1 A new fetish guide, typically American. Partly in colour, lots of useful addresses accompanied by beautiful photos. Fantasy Fashion Digest, P O Box 9500, Palm Springs, CA, USA. Price US$ 10.


WANDA
DOSSIER SOIRÉES SPÉCIAL SM
ENQUETE :
MARIKA MORESKI
AIME LES
HOMMES-OBJET
CULTURE :
LA VIE QUOTIDIENNE
DES SACHER-MASOCH
INTERVIEW :
UN COUPLE
DE DOMINATEURS
SE CONFIE
LETTRES OUVERTES :
DES LECTEURS
TEMOIGNENT

WANDA No 11 French magazine, dedicated to dominant women. Small format, beautiful photos, an article on men as objects, a report about our NUIT SECRETE (Secret Night), readers' letters etc. A 66-page square meal, honest and serious. I like it a lot. For you to discover. Published in French. Wanda, 38 Rue Servan, 75544 Paris Cedex 11, France. Price FF 35. Six issue subscription FF 200.

INTERNATIONAL
TV REPARTEE
Issue
13
Just Like a Woman Film Review
Cathy meets Stars at Royal Film Premiere
TransEssex adopts Repartee magazine
Shops Survey Part 3
Brain Sex Book Review
A Wife's View
Pampered in Panties
How to use Exotic & Party Make-Up
European Trips for '93
Worldwide Reports
Readers' Letters & Contact Ads.
Lots of Photos & all the usual features
£6 in UK $10 in USA
A Rose's PUBLICATION
Incorporating
NARCISSUS

REPARTEE No 13 A magazine especially for transvestites. Well-made, clear, informative. Published in English. Rose's, P O Box 339, Sheffield S1 3SX, England. Price £6.

PIERCING WORLD No 15 Quarterly magazine specializing in everything to do with piercing. Very explicit photos reveal all the piercing world's secrets to you. 32 pages. PAUK, 153 Tomkinson Road, Nuneaton, Warwickshire CV10 8DP, England. Price £4.

DIVINITY
VOLUME ONE NUMBER THREE • £3.00 • ADULTS ONLY
DREAMS THAT MONEY CAN BUY

DIVINITY No 3 A new magazine dealing with bizarre but mostly fetishist subjects. An interview with the little French rock doll CAT. A super article about the photographer JOEL PETER WITKIN. Reviews of horror and sex videos, books, cinema films and other magazines. Divine Press, P O Box 108, Stockport, Cheshire SK1 4DD, England. Price £3.

Renate Buccone
RUBBER
collection

RENATE BUCCONE RUBBER COLLECTION You are not unfamiliar with the name because Renate Buccone is also the editor and manufacturer of everything you saw in Heavy Leather. This new 24-page, small-format, full-colour catalogue offers a collection in skin-tight rubber. The catalogue is intended for fetish boutiques and sex shops and can be obtained from your stockist.

CONTACT
SECTION

Our contact section is completly free of charge and is open to all people and genders. Wether you are a tranvestite, rubberlover, SM, bondage etc. enthousiast, you can put in your ad and find a partner or just a penfriend to exchange experiences. We ask our advertisers to use a correct choise of wording, not to be vulgar and to be honest! If you are a 79 of age, redheaded, 1.90 meters and weigh over 100kg, don't put slim and tender blond boy, looks for a mistress! Personalise your ads,mention your name, if possible, tell clearly what you are looking for, state if you're a man, women, what your interests are, etc. Don't state that this is a "serious ad", we expect them to be all serious! If you want to find video's, or exchange films, you can do this with this section. You sell the clothes of your girlfriend that was fed up playing "doctor" ? Send it in! Now we come to the difficult part and that is, we do not want proffessionals or "moneymakers" in our contact section. So if you reply to a announcement and you have to pay for pictures or information, tell us and we will cancel the ad! If the ad is made by a proffessional dominatrix, let us know as this is legaly not accepted. In our french magazine, it is a courtesy to reply to the letters you get, even if you do not want any further mail. So please do. Have fun!

PLEASE : Carpenter 44 y old, 6 foot plus. Clean not bad looking, smoker, wishes to be slave to superior female. Your wish is my command. Country : England. Int5/OO1

SERIOUS : You are a female and consider men to be in charge of your life. You are unsure of committing yourself to the pleasures of pain and humiliation due to your conscience or your circumstances. I am a Englishman whose family can be traced back aver 300 years. I understand your problem and have some knowledge of your requirements. I am looking for ONE lady only. I visit Brussels one or twice a month. Your family or friends will never know. If you have the nerve to write for my consideration, apply to Int5/002

SWAPPING : A young normy russian girl want to swap sexy photos and letters with women, men and couples worldwide. I like to suck. Int5/003

NATURIST : Manner born carakter. Looking for friendly contacts with bisexual ladies. My name is Henrik. Writer, picture painter. Straight naturist. Dark, slim and a scorpio male. With 33 single years behind. Always looking for a new start in life. Would you be into such and curious about me. Finland or other countires. Int5/004

TORTURES : Help me ! send documentations drawings and or photos of tortured women in the sake of science and History (Argentina, South America, 2d world war, Vietnam at any price Your price will be mine. Thank you! Int5/OO5

DISCIPLINARIAN : Elderly male disciplinarian will accept applications from Sub Females, Wimps, Cleanshaven Lads, 21-35, for Domestic and Scholistic Training. Also requires Lady to assist. No financial in volvement. Sussex Coast. Int5/006

KINKY : American male, 57, seeks relationship with lady any age who en,joys kinky activities, especially fetish dressing in leather, latex, vinyl, boots. Any country, but must be relocatable. Will answer responses in any language. Phto required. New Jersey USA. Int5/007

SLOVAKIA : Bored slovak female, 25/170, dominant, bi, seeks submissive gay/bi girl or lady for friendship, sexy correspondence, exchange of ideas, photos, fantasis, maybe visits and more in future...All letters with photos will be answered. Int5/008

DOM : Lady 23, living in England, genuine, non-fee-sseking, wishes to exchange fantasies, experiences, mags, stories, photos etc. with sub english-speaking males, straight or TV/TS, anywhere abroad or at home. Holiday meetings possible. Any age over 21. Looks immaterial, sincerity important. INT5/012

CATWOMAN REQUIRED : Hugh, 28, slim, 70 Kg, handsome(ish), privately educated and whipped at school for enjoying the pleasures of my headmasters daughter!! I am desperately seeking a nonscene ingéniue mistress, 25/32, slim and of good stud, to share the pleasures of Victorian corsetry and rubber for a long and obedient respectful relationship. Longish letter appreciated. For London, England. Int5/009

DOMINANT : Dominant Master, mature, experienced, attractive, caring yet severe, will assist Mistress with training and subjugation of submissive husband. Prefers London area but would travel for right scenario. Int5/010

INVITATION : I like to invite any lady submissives to stay with me at Bristol, when they are in England. Naturally the accommodation would be free, if not unrestricted. Int5/011

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WHY NOT LATEX ? Lady wanted, must not be addicted to latex, but love to the material very welcome, soft bondage and preference to total enclosure appreciated. Preferably between 5ft.8' or 170cm to 6 ft.or 183cm, dress size 34 to 40 (french sizing) language english, italian or german. Age anything between 25 and 45. Visitors welcome, can also travel myself. All answers preferably with photo or photocopy of picture will be answered, no fin.int. longterm rel.expected. Almost 43 years old, 186 cm, male, blue eyes, HIV neg. Please no replys from TV's or bisex or crossdressers or men. My name is Felix INT5/016

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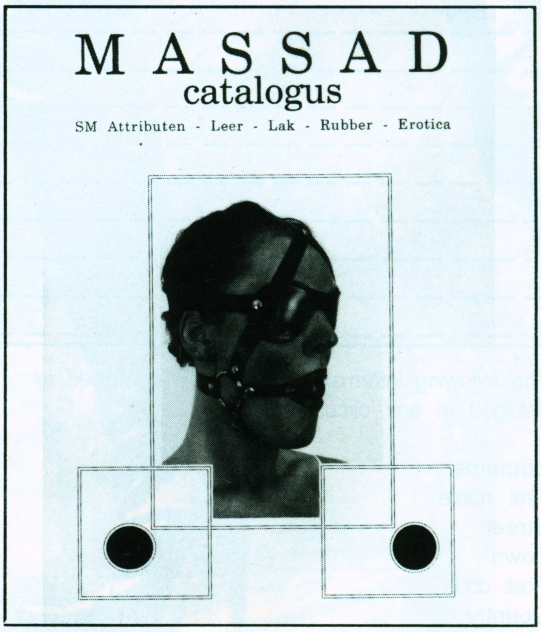

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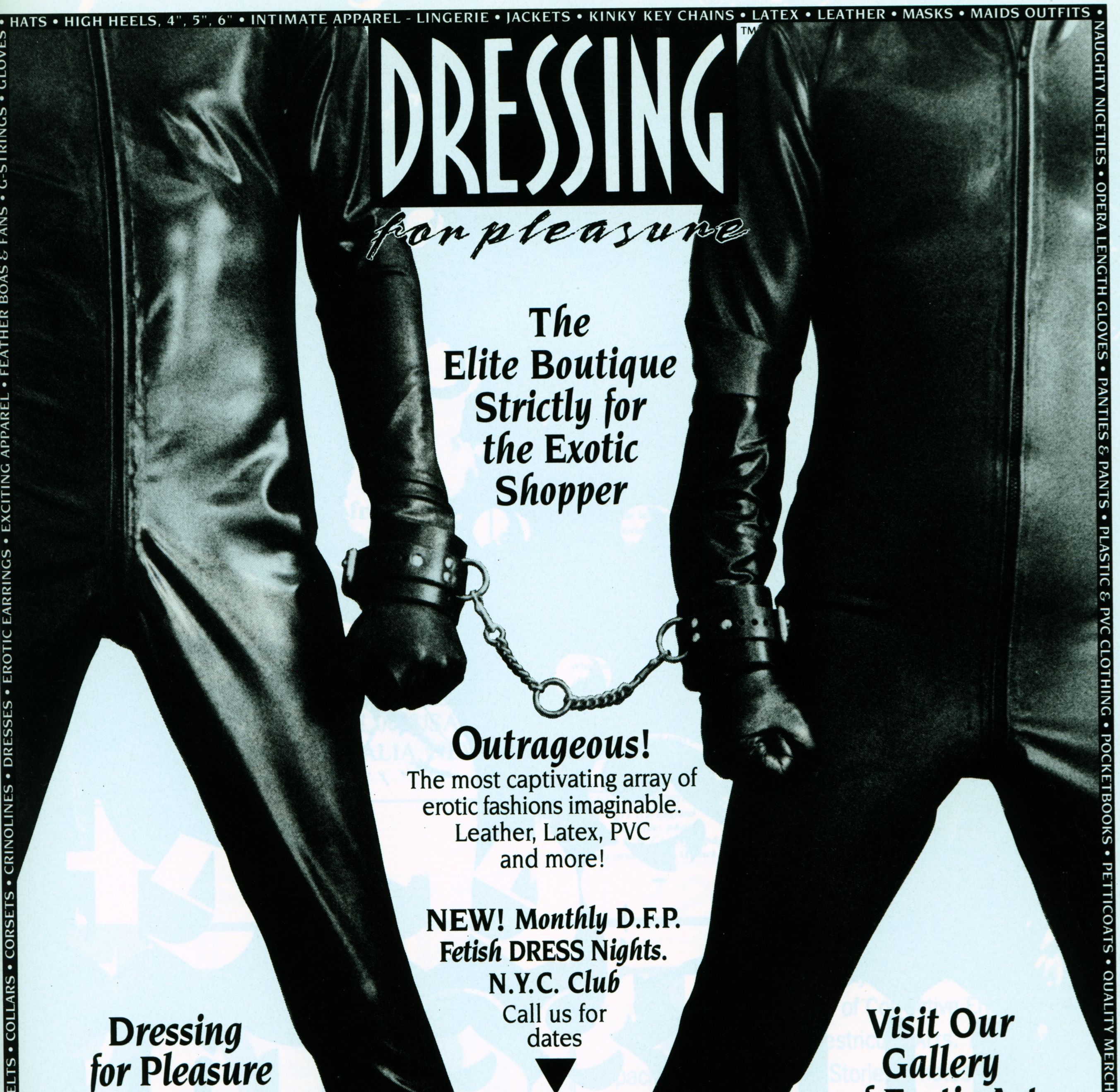

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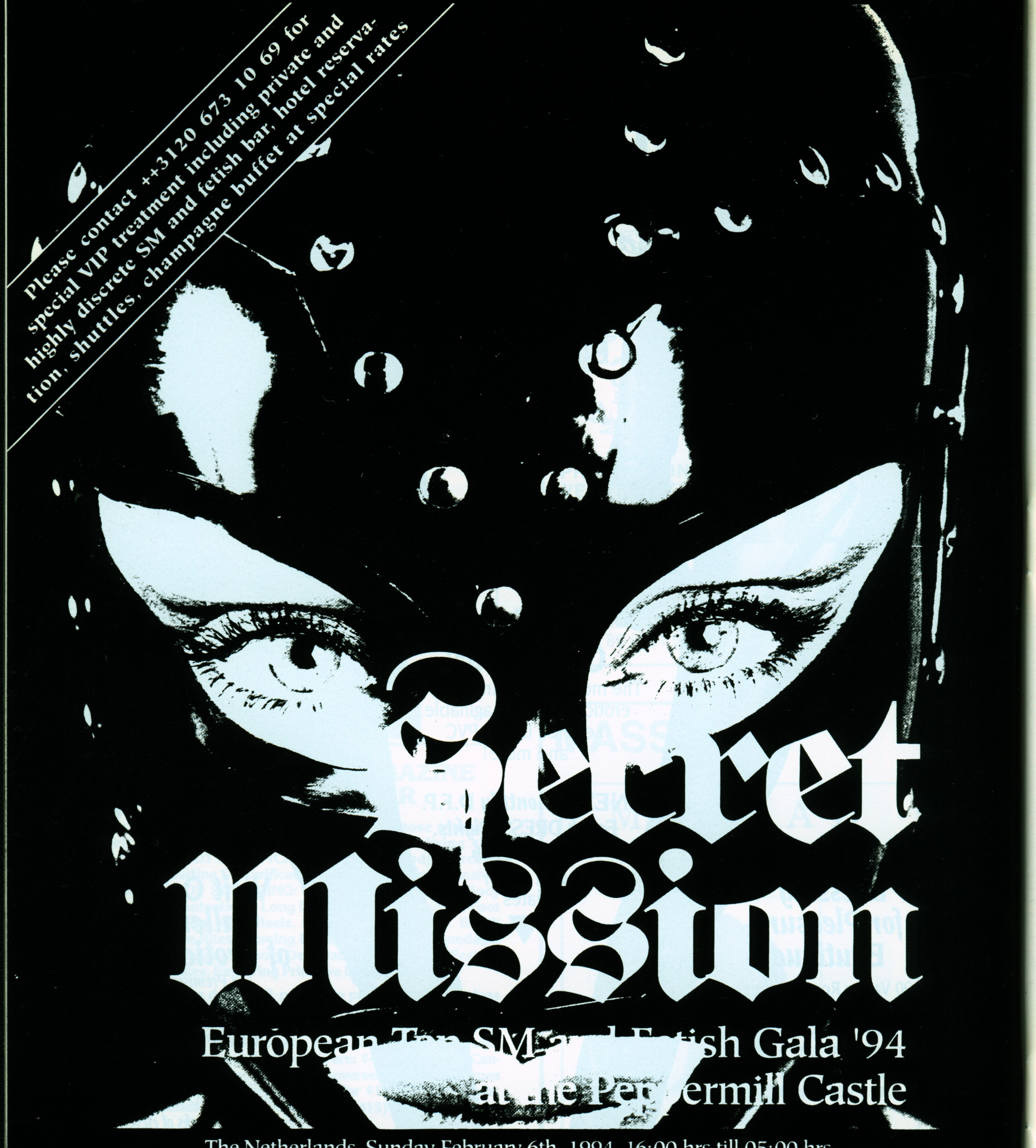

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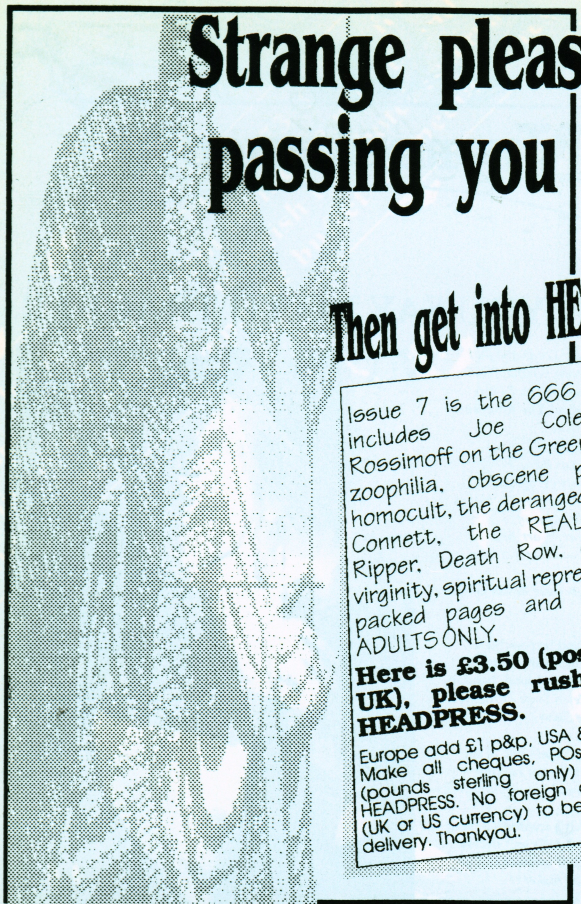

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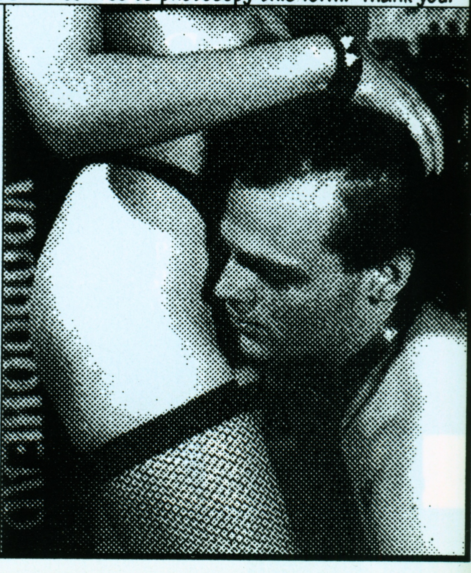

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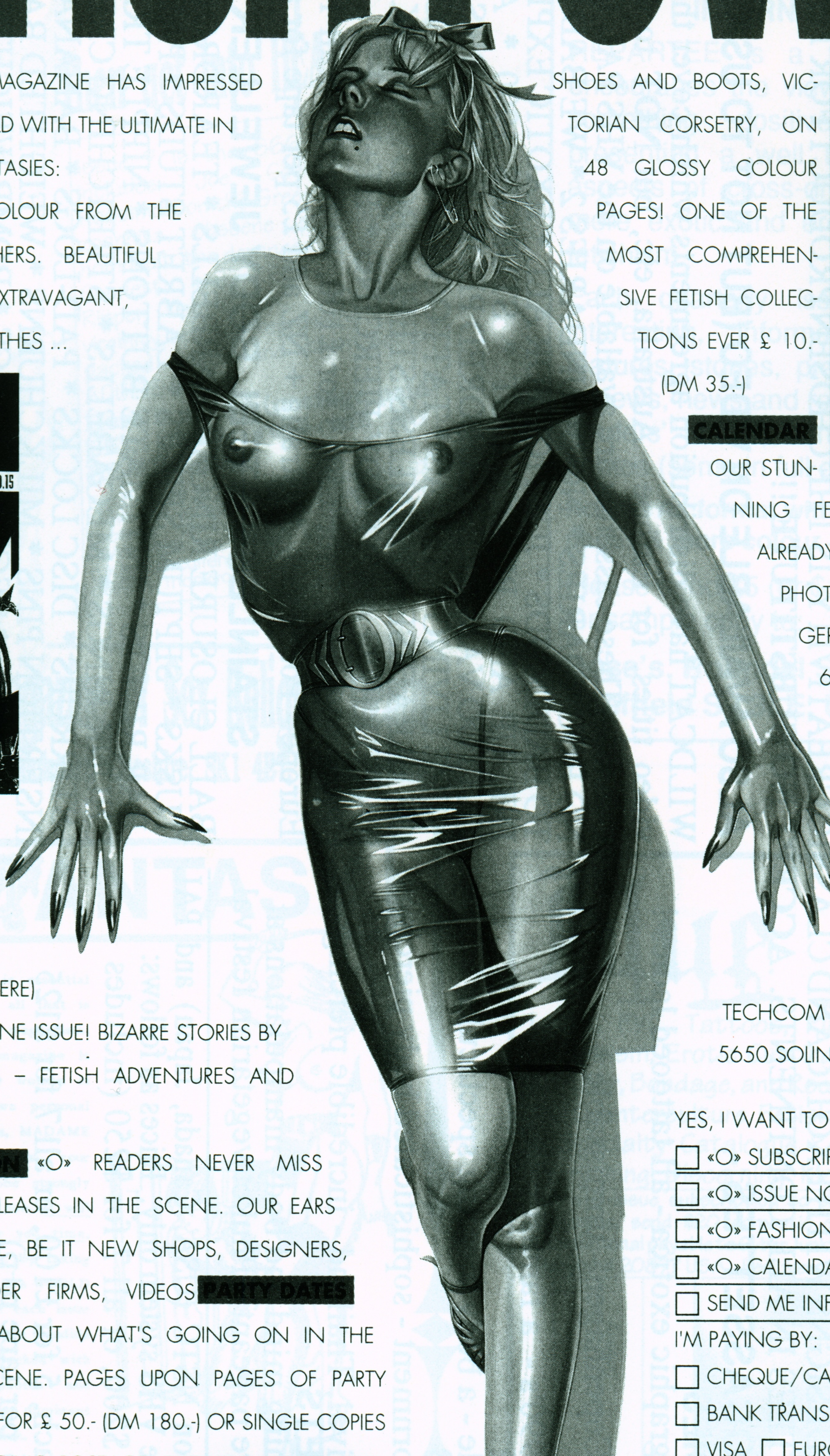

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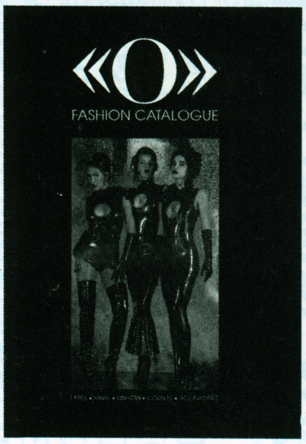

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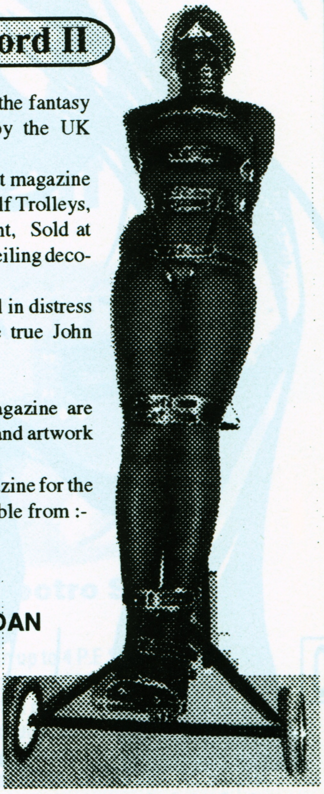

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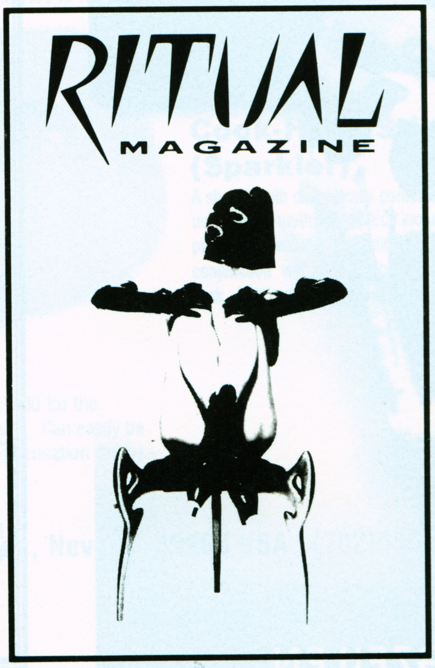

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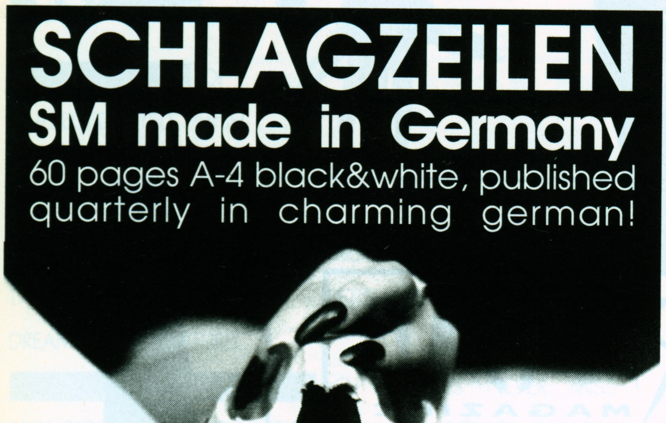

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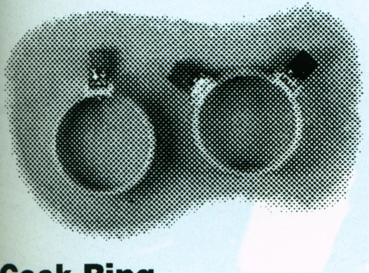
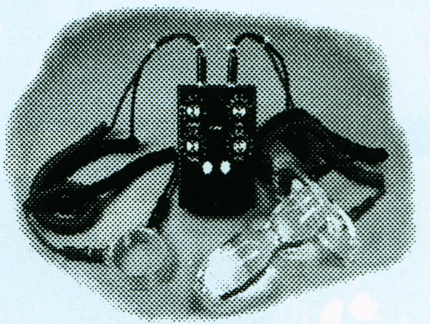


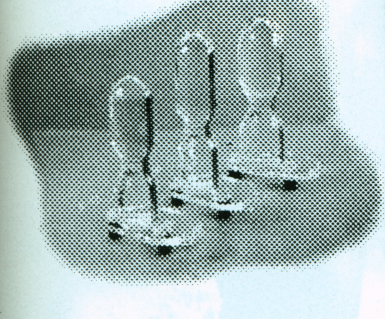
Cock Ring

Multi-purpose apparatuses that can be used on the male cock either with a double electrode or two single electrode rings or in conjunction with the **P.E.S.** cock-head stimulator (sparklers) or **P.E.S**. butt-plugs. The combinations are virtually endless.



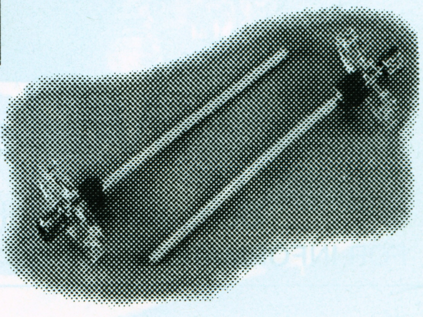
P.E.S. Electro Stimulation Box

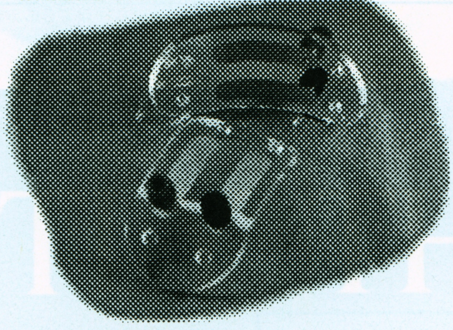
Can be used with up to 4 P.E.S. attachments. Instant kill switches, and LED indicator lights to visually control the pulse output. 2 power control knobs, one for course, and one for fine adjustments and one frequency control knob. Engineering at its finest. Comes with AC adapter or use with 9-volt alkaline battery. Includes 2 sets of leads. Absolute pleasure!



Vaginal Plug

When it comes to the vagina this one is the Rolls Royce. Measures 5" long x 1 1/2" diam. with a 5" base with 3 conductive surfaces, two 2" electrified platforms at the base and a third covering the rounded tip. It produces a magnificent range of stimulating effects. Base allows access to the clitoris for manual stimulation.





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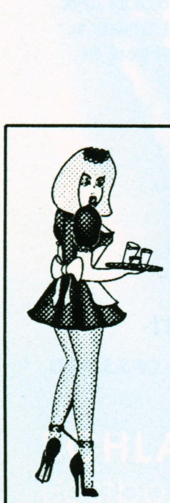

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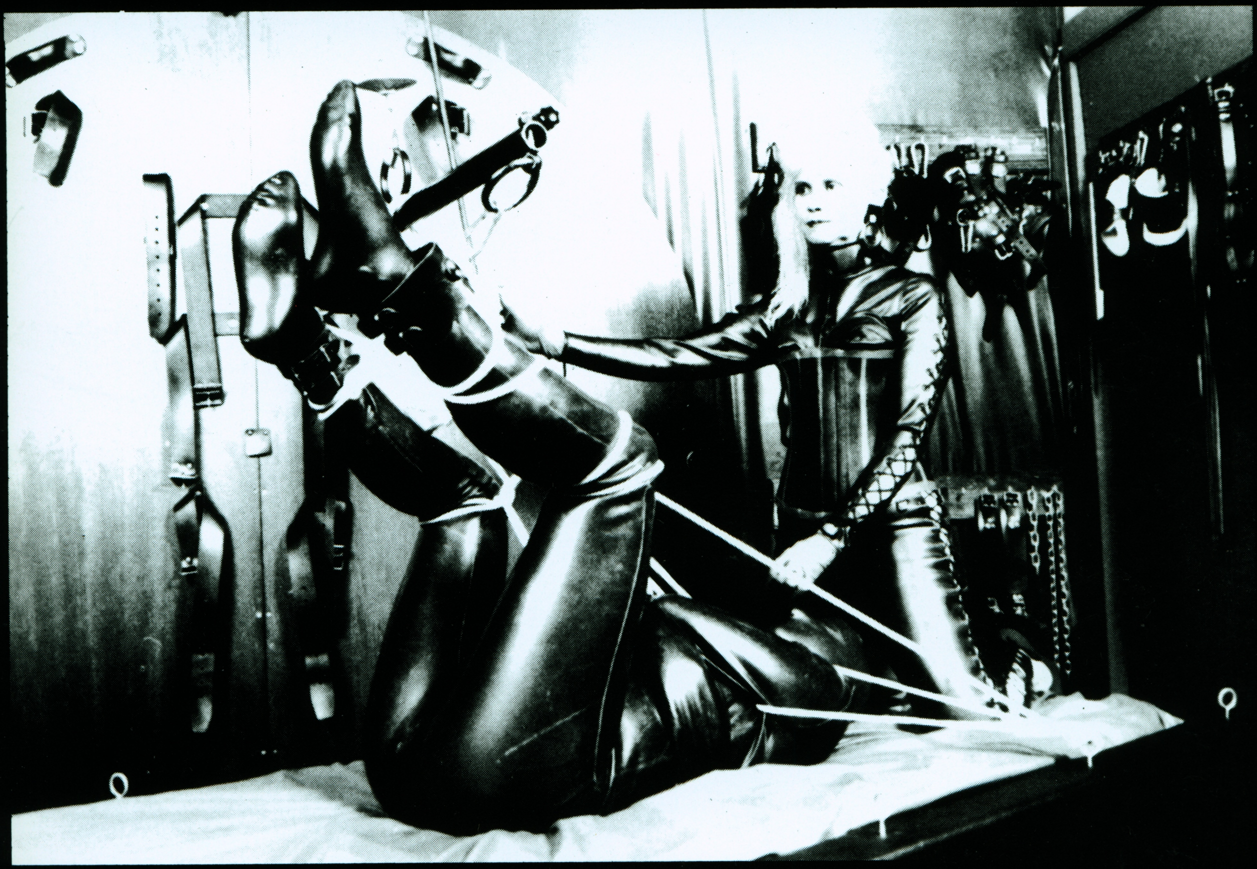

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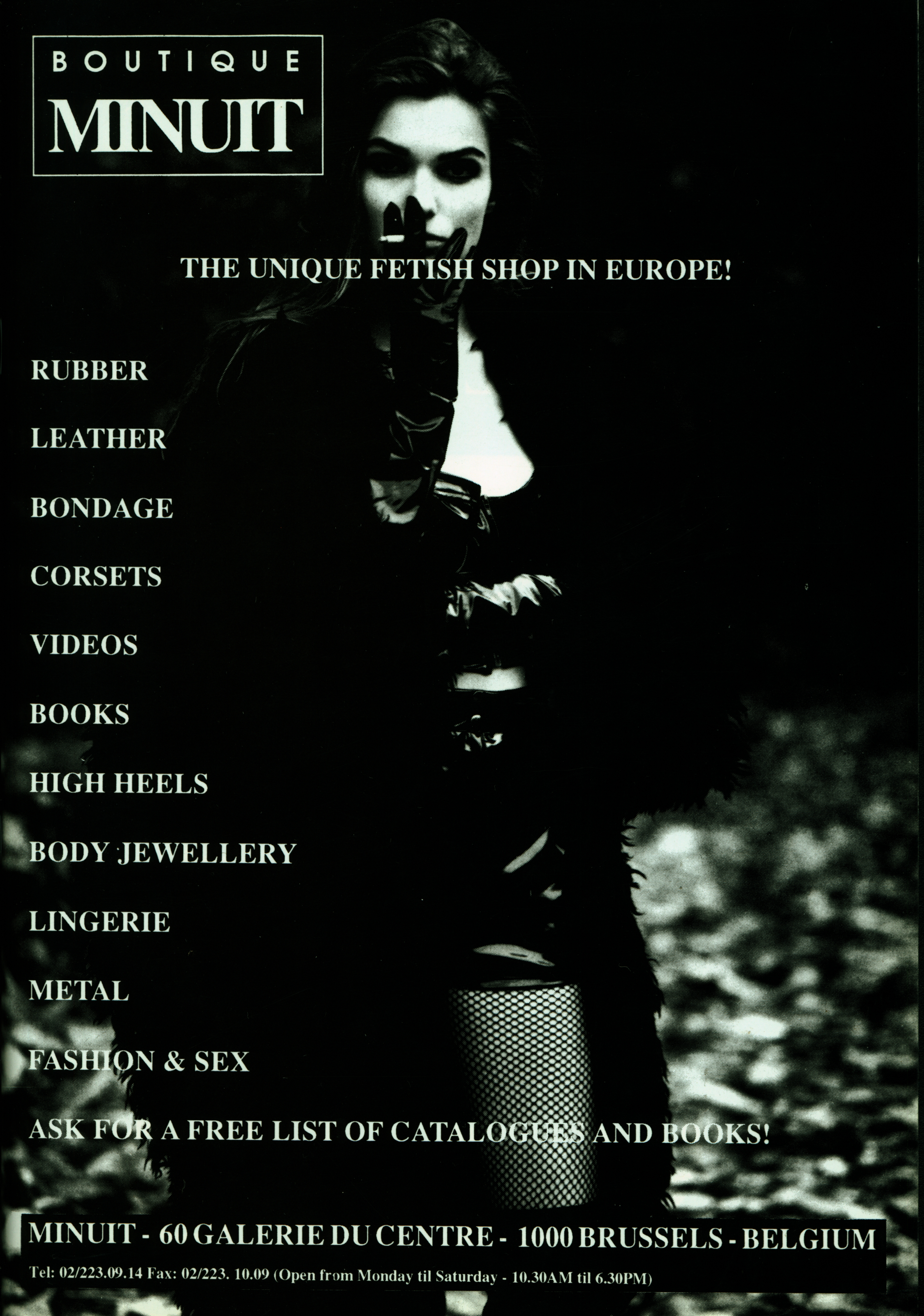

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